



SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol 14, No 3.

The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.
Office—26 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO CANADA DEC. 1, 1900.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$2. Whole No. 679

Things in General.

THE things that we do because they are right, and the things that we do for advertisement, are staring at one another a little bit more than they ever did before. Gold watches are floating around as the property of people who have had a patriotic impulse and some connection with a departmental store. We are not surprised to see principal men who spend a large amount of money in advertising looking at us from printed pages for which they pay in connection with patriotism, loyalty, and all that sort of thing which goes or does not go, according to the connection in which we find it. When we get through advertising this sentiment of ours we will probably discover that we have been "had." We will notice that institutions and men have made use of something which is as sacred as the good name of a woman. It may be that men who pay small wages to those who work for them may have intensely loyal hearts, but it would be preferable if they manifested this physical peculiarity outside of the tendency to spread olive leaves in front of those "who come home." We are a peaceful people, and we have had just about all this sort of thing that we can stand. The time for scattering boughs and maple leaves in front of incoming heroes is past. We have been engaged in this sort of pastime for quite a while. Everybody's heart has had a chance to unload its affection for the heroes of South Africa, and when it becomes the business of a departmental store to use this sort of material we ought to call a halt. It is quite possible that we have a reserve of enthusiasm, but we cannot have any that will survive the departmental store advertisement. This thing has been worked out, and when we connect the Empire with Mr. Eaton's dry goods store we are on the last ledge, from which we drop into the peaceful nothingness of nowhere as preferable to having our lower limbs pulled by a dry goods showman.

AN effort is being made to obtain a testimonial for Father O'Leary, who was one of the chaplains who went to the Transvaal with the Canadian contingent. It may not strike others as it does me, but I think this testimonial business has reached its end. Father O'Leary is doubtless an excellent man, but those of us who are Protestants cannot permit chaplains of another creed to come out of this episode better than those of our own sect. The other chaplains are probably as deserving as Father O'Leary, and will naturally be wounded if a distinction is made. Are we to give everybody a testimonial? I don't think so. Christ got no testimonial. Then why should we give to the chaplain of a regiment a recognition which the world denied the greatest Sacrifice? Of course, if this testimonial business, which the "News," in spite of its other peculiarities, endorses, is to go on, we must give testimonials to everybody. It is in bad taste?

CABINET ministers, no matter whether it be in a province or at the headquarters of the empire, seem to have a facility for getting into other businesses which are always presumed by the electorate to make them more money than the salaries amount to which are paid to them by the people. In Great Britain it is alleged that all the leading heads, from the Premier down, are engaged in making money through the offices which they hold in various financial corporations. Indeed, it is alleged that thirteen out of twenty of Salisbury's colleagues are in what is known as the "guinea pig" business. Without investigation, one has no idea whether this sort of thing is prevalent in Ottawa, but we often hear of it as common in Toronto, and it is the basis of the charge that corporations are let off with a "scrap iron" assessment because various influential politicians are on the board of directors. It is less excusable in England than in Toronto, for in this new country we can hardly expect to find men of sufficient calibre to act as Cabinet Ministers who have not been noticed as men sufficiently clever to be on the directorate of large companies. In London, of course, it is not so; men obtain positions with big corporations simply because they are Cabinet Ministers, or peers. Here we get Cabinet Ministers, if we get good ones, from amongst those who have shown themselves sufficiently able to guide such financial operations as the country engages in. We should be very careful in criticizing men who come up for public office on account of their positions, for if we exclude everyone who has a selfish interest from the councils of the country, we will probably exclude from the list nearly everybody who is fit to act as an agent of the people.

FOR years the Government of this country have been building a waterway known as the Trent Valley Canal. It has been believed that the construction of this public work would influence the opinion of the electorate. I think it cannot be denied that this canal has been built on the vote-making plan, and it has utterly failed in every respect, so that it has become a nuisance both as a national work and a party scheme, and should be dropped. The people whose lands will be benefited by this proposed waterway, if it be constructed, have not been influenced politically by the money expended. They rigidly adhere to the old political alliances in a way which goes to prove that there is more sentiment than sordidness in politics, as they are demonstrated in this wooden country of ours. It is evident that the time to stop constructing canals, and all this funny business intended to influence the populace, has arrived. Sir Charles Tupper had considerable to do with the Chignecto ship canal, which began at one mudhole and ended in another, and upon which millions of money have been spent. That has been dropped as a failure, and it is time that the Trent Valley Canal should meet the same fate. Projects for canals and railroads which have nothing to further their interests but the directorate of "grafters," should all be dropped. This is not a party question; it is a public affair. The Trent Valley Canal was born and pushed along by Conservatives. Other things are being born and pushed along by Liberals. We ought to be through with this whole tangle of official stealing. If the Provincial or Federal Government pays for a railroad, let it own it. It is quite outside of party politics and personal friendships that those who are the friends of those who are in power should decline to seek to grow rich at the expense of those who are not in the conspiracy, or at least be made the objects of public attention when right things are being done wrong and wrong things are being done so as to be indefensible. We must turn down the crude people who are making a mess of this thing, or the fine workers in the art of getting rich out of governments will lose their business.

THE fact was brought out last week that two aged sisters who were totally destitute had lived for many years in a small and almost unfurnished room at the top of a building in the heart of the city. With the fear of being the recognized recipients of public charity which the majority of Irish people possess to an extraordinary extent, they lived in a most terribly destitute condition for a great many

years, and were finally removed to an institution where they are probably receiving much better care. These women, though loathing the idea of being supported in an institution which is the outgrowth of communal charity, were willing to beg for soap wrappers and unvalued articles, and were possessed of a pride which did much more honor to their bringing-up than to their good sense. Why should anyone live in a garret, exposed to cold and hunger, when public provision has been made for the care of those who cannot take care of themselves? It is a question that one would imagine to be easily answered, yet there is something in the heart which rebels against the obliteration of one's personality which follows the yielding of the care of one's person to a charitable institution. It is quite like death to those who have self-supporting instincts, and is consequently repellent.

If I were sick I should not be ashamed to go to a hospital, because I understand that the chances of recovery would be better there than at home; and if I were so poor that I could not support myself it would cause me no grief to let the public engage in the task which has so long tormented me, of providing me with a livelihood. Perhaps it is only after we have seen the futility of all effort to resist the approach of age, the diminution of energy, and the impossibility of providing one's self with the necessities of life, that we yield to the inevitable and give ourselves up either to the hands of the great undertaker or to that not less repulsive individual, the caretaker of the poor. I have ceased to bother my life with the thought of an indigent old age. I do not believe that I will survive the days when I can procure a livelihood for myself, but if I do, I shall sit

suddenly turn and become their competitors. The California scheme is one worth trying, though it is to be feared that men will not look favorably upon it lest the masculine cook becomes more influential in the house than the proprietor thereof. However, he must remember that his wife has accepted those chances in the past in his regard, and as we are approaching the age of strong people who have divested themselves to a certain extent of sex, we might at least run the risk of a demonstration of how far this sort of thing goes. If a man can afford a woman typewriter, probably his wife can just as well afford to have a man cook.

TALKING about the attitude of modern women and their encroachment upon the business which men once assumed to be entirely their own, it is interesting to know how distinctly the experiment of female voters has failed in the city of Chicago. In 1894 a partial franchise was extended to the women of Illinois, and that year the number availing themselves of the privilege was 29,815. Two years later the number fell to 5,656, decreasing in 1898 to 1,488, and in this year of grace amounting to practically nothing. It looks as if women fancy the doing of things which custom has denied them a share in, promptly abandoning the project when they are given a chance to be influential.

STILL talking about women, for it is a very interesting subject, I turn with interest to the report of Miss Snively, the lady superintendent of the Toronto General Hospital, made at a recent annual meeting of the training school for nurses under her management. Six hundred

or less closely allied with the dangerous condition in which the nurse is practically at the mercy of the masculine patient. It would be cruel to conceal the facts in view of the extraordinary number of applications made to a nurses' training school in our own city, and if it were not apparent that so many women regard nursing as a sort of angelic pursuit and are quite blind to the seamy side of it, any reference to the matter would be unjustifiable. It is from our Canadian homes that such an army of nurses is being drawn, and it is well for those who have set their hearts upon this vocation to know why their United States sisters have ceased to be as keen competitors as they once were. While what I have said is absolutely and deplorably true, I would not for a moment permit myself to be considered as decrying in any sense the beautiful mission of the trained nurse. In sickness and in health she is an angel of mercy, but it is just as well to know how such a path is beset with danger.

TORONTO University is not the only institution of its kind that is having troubles of its own. Material prosperity is a poor protection for the individual against the cold blasts of domestic disagreement and sorrow. Material prosperity, it would appear, cannot always protect a university from the troubles that occasionally come to the most sanely managed enterprises. Stanford University, one of the wealthiest of educational institutions, is just now passing through the deep waters of criticism and strife owing to the fact that one of its principal professors has been compelled to resign because some of his scientific conclusions are not acceptable to the university's patroness, the widow of the late millionaire and Senator, Leland Stanford. Prof. Ross, the teacher who fell from grace in Mrs. Stanford's eyes, was head of the department of Sociology, and is an investigator and scholar who, it appears, stands high in the ranks of political economists. Being a racy speaker, he has often been employed as a lecturer outside the precincts of the university, and in some of his addresses uttered sentiments not acceptable to Mrs. Stanford and the monied people who are Mrs. Stanford's friends. Amongst other things he was opposed to cheap Chinese labor, which is the backbone of many industrial undertakings in which Californian capitalists are interested, and his views on the monetary question inclined to bi-metalism, or free silver. It is not charged that he attempted to indoctrinate his classes, or failed to maintain a scientific attitude even in his public speeches. His statements, it is admitted, were the reasoned utterances of a man who had reached conclusions of his own after much study and thought, and they were of such a character as to stimulate like study and thought on the part of his hearers rather than to convert them to a particular belief. Yet they caused the professor to lose caste with the money power, and a calumny seems to have been instituted against him. The outcome was that his position became intolerable, and rather than assent to the proposition that a professor must teach only what his employers permit him to, he tendered his resignation. This was not accepted off-hand, the president of the university being loath to lose Prof. Ross from the faculty, and his appointment was continued temporarily. But Mrs. Stanford found it impossible to reinstate the black sheep in her full confidence, and the president of the university finally, at her dictation, accepted his resignation.

The incident has caused a great uproar on the Pacific coast. Such occurrences have lately been rather common in the plutocratic universities of the United States. Chicago and Brown Universities and Wellesley College have furnished similar examples of one danger we may expect from the control of higher education by the Napoleons of finance. I have related the facts of the Stanford incident as they are given in the Californian papers, and as they come to me from private sources. I do not endorse either side, but merely state the case without comment, as something interesting and suggestive in view of the movement to cut Toronto University adrift from the educational system of the Province in the hope that rich men will come to its aid with their money bags.

PROPOS of this subject, those who read the article on page 2 about the recent spiny utterances of Hon. S. H. Blake, will possibly desire to have a full report of that gentleman's philippic. I understand the students' paper, "The Varsity," purposes publishing such a report next week, and an extra large edition will be printed, so that all may be supplied with the full text of Mr. Blake's interesting remarks.

KENTUCKY CARDINAL" and "Aftermath," by James Lane Allen (The Copp, Clark Co., Limited, Toronto). This story, both typographically and in its binding, is a beautiful Christmas thing, and when one pauses and does not know what to buy, it may be said to be safe to buy this book. In no sense can I be called a proper critic of James Lane Allen. Whether he were right or wrong, I would favor him, if by any possibility anything could be discovered to favor. He is a great writer, a master of the English language, one who has dreamed dreams which to me are as beautiful as anything that have been written. He was born and educated in the sect to which I have always belonged. Naturally enough I have loved all the people, though they have developed into millions, who belonged to that peculiar creed. I was educated, or an attempt made at my education, at the college in which he was a professor. He left because some preacher with a degree obtained at some college which may have been of a better class, desired his position. I left because I was unuseful to the faculty and everybody else, and it was an awfully good thing for me that I had to go. These associations tend to make me more favorable to James Lane Allen than perhaps an ordinary critic would be. He toiled on the farm in Kentucky as I did on one in Canada. He looked out at the one window and saw the beautiful things which were adjacent to him. So did I. I love the beautiful things he writes, because they tell of the world in which every country boy has dwelt. His name is now known to the world and mine is not, but I can at least sit in the back pew of the church in which we both mis-conceived our ideas of divinity, and applaud the author of this charming story.

QUISANTE, by Anthony Hope, (William Briggs, Toronto), a book which has already been reviewed in "Saturday Night," suggests at this particular juncture a few questions of more than passing importance. The novel, which is particularly brilliant in style and analysis of human character, deals with Alexander Quisante, a young man who aspired to leadership in British politics. A vacancy in the Conservative leadership in Canada naturally makes us turn to the competitors for the place with an impulse to measure them by the rules which Anthony Hope applied to his hero, who was great in spots, or "moments," as the author describes them, while being more or less feeble in the moral equipment necessary to a gentleman, not to say a leader. Quisante seems to have had an instinct superior to knowledge, which led him to drop political



MR. KNOX MAGEE

The new Canadian writer and author of "With Ring of Shield," a much-talked-of book. See p. 14.

very content by the sunniest window that I can find in the county poorhouse. It is not hard to die, because one's physical condition anterior to death makes it easy to quit. It is not so awfully hard to be poor, because the disappearance of the energy and self-assertiveness which are sufficient to make a livelihood is followed by contentment with anything that one can get. I really think we ought to arrange for a cosy corner in an almshouse as a quiet exit from this life of care. The life that is ineffective is worthless; the prolongation of existence is merely evading suicide. I feel that this can be so quietly and rather pleasantly accomplished at the public expense, that the great, overpowering horror of becoming helplessly poor should be banished from our calculations.

THE problem of filling servants' positions in San Francisco has been comfortably solved by a lady who advertised for a man who could cook and act as general servant. She was unable to procure any female help, and now, after three months' trial of a masculine music teacher who accepted the situation, she expresses herself as very well satisfied. He gets four dollars a week, a comfortable home, and a certain amount of leisure. All these things he lacked while he was hunting for pupils which he could not obtain. He was able to teach music, but he had no one to teach, and consequently got no pay. He had no leisure, because he was looking for pupils all the time. He lacked a comfortable home because he was unable to procure one. As cook and general servant he has all these things which he once lacked. In addition to this, the mistress has an intelligent and capable man to look after her wants and provide the family with their meals. Now that women of intelligence and a certain amount of breeding are all becoming either wives, widows, typewriters or nurses, it might be well for the men to slip away from their ill-paid vocations and assume that once occupied by Bridget. It will not be long before this condition is discovered to be almost inevitable. For reasons which I have more than once set forth, women are not willing to serve women if they can help it. If men are hired to do work in the house as they are in an ordinary counting-house or ordinary business office, the scheme may work out, and then women will

and fifty applications for admission as nurses were received during the year, of which twenty-five were granted. This is an extraordinary number of women who desire to nurse the sick, and one can hardly tell what it means. Has nursing become the dernier resort of the respectable young woman who desires to be in contact with people, but who is unwilling to do housework or endure the temptations and tribulations of an office or factory hand? Being a nurse seems to me about the last thing that I would resort to if I were a woman and in extremis financially. Being a school-teacher is bad enough, because one in such a situation has always to do with inferior minds, and one must naturally degenerate because one is always intellectually giving out more than one can get in return; but to be physically giving out one's strength to those whose humanity alone recommends them to care, is even a more weakening thing.

I should hate to suggest it, and yet it seems to me that perhaps a few of the young women have a notion for nursing with no larger proposition in their minds than the opportunity of marrying a patient, who, rendered susceptible by disease, is easily overcome by solicitude and attention. They also have a very good chance to marry doctors, but in all the chances which they take of successful matrimonial alliances, it must be remembered that they take serious risks of illegitimate attachments which may prove their moral undoing. The strength, beauty and tenderness of a nurse are very attractive to the patient. The weakness, temporary perhaps, of a patient, and his utter reliance upon the kindness of a nurse, makes him more or less attractive. The weakness engendered by giving out one's strength to the sick makes the nurse susceptible, as the patient is also susceptible, and I venture to say it, knowing that it will be criticized as cruel, that nursing is not an absolutely safe thing for many of the women who engage in it.

Strangely enough, Canadian women are always favorites in hospitals, no matter where they go. Canadian girls who come from the farm or the quiet family of a village, or emerge from the poverty of a city household, are not perhaps aware that throughout the United States—and the same condition may exist to a certain extent in Canada—the profession of nursing has the terrible drawback of being more

SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER IS NOW READY. ORDER EARLY. PRICE 50 CENTS.

At The HAROLD A. WILSON CO., 35 KING ST. WEST.

Sparkling Eyes
Rosy Cheeks
Graceful Forms

come from a few moments daily use of

The Whitely Exerciser

It occupies the least of space against the wall, yet gives the greatest results in expanding chest, developing bust, correcting round shoulders, strengthening the back, and reducing corpulence.

It brings perfect physical development to men, women and children. Equally essential to athletes and invalids.

Your doctor will recommend the Whitely if you ask him. Made in four grades at \$1.50, \$2.25, \$3.25, \$4.00. Booklet Free.

Send 10c. for "Physical Education" by Dr. Anderson, of Yale. Every page of this 50 cent. book is interesting and meets somebody's need. New edition just out, fully illustrated. The New "Tiger Booklet," full of original illustrations and sparkling facts sent free.



THE HAROLD A. WILSON CO., TORONTO.



Wilson Noiseless Striking Bag Platform

Complete with

Our No. 2

Striking bag

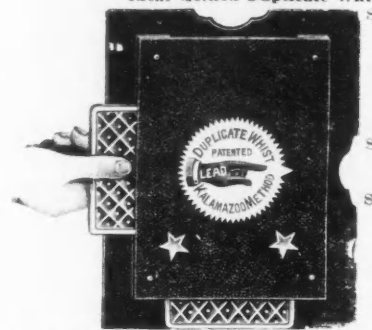
PRICE \$6.50

Put up in any house in city or sent express paid anywhere in Ontario on receipt of price.

THE HAROLD A. WILSON CO., TORONTO.

DUPLICATE WHIST.

Ideal Method Duplicate Whist Trays.



Set No. 10 contains 8 trays, best cloth covered board, gold embossed; 25 celluloid poker chips; 25 score cards; 1 book of rules and instructions. Price in handsome cloth box \$3.00.

Set No. 8, Same as above, with 8 packs of 12 cards. Price in handsome cloth box \$2.00.

Set No. 12, Same as above, with 12 packs of 12 cards. Price in handsome cloth box \$2.50.

Set No. 16, Same as above, with 16 packs of 12 cards. Price in handsome cloth box \$3.00.

Set No. 20, Same as above, with 20 packs of 12 cards. Price in handsome cloth box \$3.50.

Set No. 24, Same as above, with 24 packs of 12 cards. Price in handsome cloth box \$4.00.

Set No. 28, Same as above, with 28 packs of 12 cards. Price in handsome cloth box \$4.50.

Set No. 32, Same as above, with 32 packs of 12 cards. Price in handsome cloth box \$5.00.

Set No. 36, Same as above, with 36 packs of 12 cards. Price in handsome cloth box \$5.50.

Set No. 40, Same as above, with 40 packs of 12 cards. Price in handsome cloth box \$6.00.

Set No. 44, Same as above, with 44 packs of 12 cards. Price in handsome cloth box \$6.50.

Set No. 48, Same as above, with 48 packs of 12 cards. Price in handsome cloth box \$7.00.

Set No. 52, Same as above, with 52 packs of 12 cards. Price in handsome cloth box \$7.50.

Set No. 56, Same as above, with 56 packs of 12 cards. Price in handsome cloth box \$8.00.

Set No. 60, Same as above, with 60 packs of 12 cards. Price in handsome cloth box \$8.50.

Set No. 64, Same as above, with 64 packs of 12 cards. Price in handsome cloth box \$9.00.

Set No. 68, Same as above, with 68 packs of 12 cards. Price in handsome cloth box \$9.50.

Set No. 72, Same as above, with 72 packs of 12 cards. Price in handsome cloth box \$10.00.

Set No. 76, Same as above, with 76 packs of 12 cards. Price in handsome cloth box \$10.50.

Set No. 80, Same as above, with 80 packs of 12 cards. Price in handsome cloth box \$11.00.

Set No. 84, Same as above, with 84 packs of 12 cards. Price in handsome cloth box \$11.50.

Set No. 88, Same as above, with 88 packs of 12 cards. Price in handsome cloth box \$12.00.

Set No. 92, Same as above, with 92 packs of 12 cards. Price in handsome cloth box \$12.50.

questions not likely to facilitate his progress. It seems to me the author invites us to consider Quisante more as a freak than as a politician, yet it would appear to what the average Canadian that a man who confines himself to what we consider such slight deviations from rectitude would be hailed in this country almost as a puritan, or at least as the natural successor of Sir Charles Tupper. It is quite true that Quisante is not quite a gentleman. He does several things which are somewhat shady as viewed from the standpoint of such an exquisite as Mr. Marchmont, but I never knew a leader in any country with the politics of which I am at all familiar, who would not have done as Quisante did. Novelists, no doubt, are in duty bound to give us the highest possible ideal, but it is not unlikely that the ideal may be made so exalted as to drive the average political aspirant either out of the race altogether, or to convince him that such a character as Marchmont is a piece of literary mummery as unlike human nature as the people of the stage are unlike those of real life. It cannot be denied that Quisante does wrong things, that he was a good deal of an opportunist, but given a long lease of life with the scope which came to him only as he died, we would all of us predict for him a great political future. Lady May Gaston, who became his wife, was his harshest critic, excepting, of course, Aunt Maria, who was his most devoted follower; but we can hardly introduce into ordinary politics the domestic opinions and high-class moral standards of a thoroughbred Englishwoman who is taught to believe that no matter what happens, her peculiar views and a conscience—the habit of heredity—must be the ultimate guide.

When I speak of ordinary politics I mean the politics of the English-speaking world, the politics of what is practically a democracy. It is impossible for those not gifted with the tongues of wise men and angels to bring at once public opinion to a recognition of the absolute truth, beauty and purity of any movement. Invariably self-interest must be taught to guide the electorate towards that which the leader thinks is best for the individual and the nation. Remembering this, I can hardly excuse Lady May Quisante, nee Gaston, for her harshness of judgment in matters in which her husband and politics were involved. She loved him when he was great; she hated him when he was common and mean, as all politicians at various times become. Possibly in our lives we all experience these fluctuations; and while Anthony Hope has introduced them with marvelous dramatic effect in his story, none of us can expect to apply them to the public lives of those whom we privately admire, or even to the private lives of those whom we admire in a public sense. The politician must yield to a certain extent to the larger opinion to which he appeals. No man can expect to bring public opinion at once, or within a few years, to the plastic condition which will enable him to mould it absolutely to suit his fancy. As virtue is a question of degree, so it seems to me that all great men must be moulded as well as mould. It is to be hoped that in the domestic lives of our political leaders, wives are not generally as punctilious as was the wife of Quisante. Indeed, the novelist teaches us that the politician moulded the woman and to a great extent brought her down to his own level. This we regret in a novel, and yet it is a common occurrence in every-day life. Quisante imbued his wife with his marvelous political ideas, but she failed to bring him to a sense of her beliefs in commercial and political matters. I cannot join her in her dislike of him when he failed to be what he could not possibly be, and I am enough of a Calvinist to stick to him when he was what he could not help being. However, those who are thinking about political leaders and politicians at the present hour could not do better than read this book, which is by all odds the best that Anthony Hope has ever written. Throughout the reading of it, too, one's charity will be reinforced by the thought that nearly all of us have some good thing to which we adhere with a tenacity defying death, while other good things are let pass and seem to us unimportant.

An expression which I have noticed frequently, cropped up after the general elections to such an extent that I am tempted for once to venture a criticism of the use of an ordinary word. A Conservative newspaper stated that "whatever we hoped, few expected to see the Grit Government displaced." This is obviously incorrect, for "hope" is made up of expectancy and desire, and we cannot properly hope for a thing unless we expect to get it. Desire without expectancy, it would appear, is despair. Expectancy without desire is fear. As hope springs eternal in the human breast, it might be well to remember these definitions.

A GOOD parody on Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone," is that of the paragrapher who says, "Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and the world laughs behind your back."

Mr. S. H. Blake and the University.

MR. S. H. BLAKE fired a bomb-shell into the Provincial University last week. This is not the first time Mr. Blake has used heavy ammunition. His reputation as a handler of explosives on a large scale is such that his political party would now rather accept almost any risk in a campaign than the hazard of letting Mr. Blake loose on the platform. The report of the great big missile that Mr. Blake let go at the University people the other day, and the noise of the minor explosions it caused, as its fragments went home, now here, and now there, have not yet died away. It is no flight of the imagination to say that when Mr. Blake shoots, somebody is going to be hit, and hurt. The list of wounded at the University is a lengthy one. Scars and sores will be carried about for many a long day by several individuals as a result of the eminent lawyer's good marksmanship.

The writer, being not unkind of certain past events of a somewhat personal interest, is naturally diffident about thrusting himself into matters from which he was very summarily and unceremoniously thrust out. But inasmuch as there are certain interesting things which might be said, and which it is morally certain would not be said unless he said them, he has been prevailed upon to point out a few facts and a few conclusions suggested by Mr. Blake's remarkable utterance. Every citizen of Ontario has the right to discuss University affairs, and a pity it is they are not more frequently and freely discussed. There never has been a daily newspaper in Toronto that dealt fearlessly, fairly, and intelligently with the University problem. There never has been a politician who would touch this question without leather gloves and a pair of tongs. The professors themselves are willing enough to air their views, but unfortunately the professors of Toronto University cut no ice—cannot even break off an icicle—with the general public. They are, with few exceptions, regarded by the great profane masses as an outfit of nobby-pamby weak sisters, who had better stay in their little cubby holes and attend to their knitting. Five years ago, the students tried to tell the people that something was wrong with the works. But the students were held to be without standing in the case, as the lawyers say. And the only practical outcome of their little danger-signal was that their ears were boxed by the press, the Government, the Government's Commission, the Senate, the College and University Councils, and everybody else who could get a whack at them, and they were told to go back to their books and be good children, and never again to interfere in grown-up people's business.

Since that time, Mr. S. H. Blake's speech is the only

brezy, outspoken deliverance on University affairs. The aforetime counsel for the professors, the man who, before the Commission, and in the University Senate, ridiculed the idea that anything was wrong, or might be wrong, with the University; the man who held out for the last pound of flesh and the last drop of blood in punishing the alleged instigator of the revolt—this man, of all men, has now come around to a directly opposite point of view, goes up to the University, and tells the students, under the very nose of one of the professors specially complained of in 1895, that the great need of the University is a Man. Not more men; not a number of men. But just one big, strong M-A-N.

How explain Mr. Blake's change of heart? Everybody who knows him knows that he is one of the most peculiar combinations of contradictions in Toronto. On the platform, in court, everywhere that he is paid by a client or impelled by conviction or prejudice, to take sides, he is one of the most acrimonious, reckless, unflinching, unrelenting, implacable, intolerant partisans imaginable. He will go to almost any lengths in the pursuit of an opponent, or the innocent witness for an opponent. He calls a spade a spade, unless he can find a more opprobrious name. On the political platform his violent and immoderate expressions have got him and his cause into trouble a score of times. But underneath this stern, unmerciful demeanor, he hides a soft and kindly heart. Mr. Sam Blake would literally take off his coat on the street to give it to a beggar. Though he can manage others' business, 'tis said he is lax in the management of his own. He is an easy mark for the promoters of all sorts of questionable charitable and financial schemes. In fact he is a man in doing other people's work, and a child, with the simple heart of a child, when it comes to his own. Mr. Blake would not offend a fly unless as a paid attorney or in the belief that he was serving some great cause. But in either of these cases he would go to almost any distance.

With this insight into his character, we must believe either that his rancor in 1895 was simulated, owing to his being, as he was, the paid mouthpiece of interests opposed to the students; or that he honestly believed all he said then, and has as honestly changed over, because the principle of University reform has appealed in some way to his puritanical conscience; or that he is now slashing and hacking in his peculiarly reckless style because he is once more the mouthpiece of some hidden client.

There are some who believe that Mr. Blake represented the sentiments of the Ontario Government in his address of last week. The Government, it is argued by these, is desirous to help the University financially, is loath to see the University divorced from governmental control, as it may be if sentiment is allowed further to gather in that direction. But the Government, they say, realizes that a great shaking up must take place in the University before a successful appeal can be made to the people to come to his aid. Mr. Blake's deliverance may be the first sound of the charge. In any event, it is known that the Government is not displeased with what he said, and thinks that the circulation of his remarks can accomplish nothing but good for the University.

There are others who think that Mr. Blake spoke not for this element or that, but for that great and growing body of graduates who are determined that their alma mater shall be lifted out of its old rut—if needs be by new men and new methods—and who also ask that the Government shall properly nourish its child, and who are bent on a campaign of enlightenment to the end that the people may sanction whatever may be necessary to be done.

The main thing, however, is not that Mr. Blake spoke for this element or that, but that he spoke the truth, however harshly, bluntly and discourteously. Toronto University needs means, but it needs a Man, and after it gets a Man, it will have Men—men in its professorial chairs, and men at its students' desks. A word about President Louison. He is, no one now disputes, a well-meaning, hard-working man, who has given his best to the University. He is learned, and he is cautious—one of your "safe" men, in fact. But he does not impress himself on the great mass of plastic material in his hands. He has an unfortunate tendency to surround himself with weak and short-sighted advisers from the faculty. The poorest tools of professors in the University have been the President's most intimate friends. The Grand Viziership is now occupied by a lecturer who, though a good enough man, so his students affirm, in the classroom, has as much capacity for directing an educational institution where ideals must prevail as a painter of fences would have for over-seeing an art exhibit. It is too common a remark that So-and-so, not the President, is "running things around the University these days." As for the faculty, it may embrace a few fine scholars and good teachers, but everyone knows it is sadly deficient in men of force, men who stand in any sense for an ideal in the eyes of their students, or of the community at large.

Had a strong man, advised by strong men, been at the helm in 1895, the students' troubles could never have drifted into open revolt; nor would the University now be confronted by so great a financial problem, for public opinion would have been impressed, riveted, in such a way as to make that impossible; nor would the University find itself attacked by critics on every side, and without hold on the affections of the mass of its own graduates, not to speak of the plain people.

Jas. A. Tucker.

In New York.

Mr. Keene (weighing Sunday paper)—Ah, I thought so! I suspected it all along! Johnny, take this paper back to that dishonest newsdealer and tell him if he doesn't make good the seven ounces it's short I'll have the law on him.

A London Clubman's Omar.

The "Outlook."

Cigars and lager underneath the bough.
The silver Thames right opposite, and thou
Beside me seated on a garden chair:
The National Club is Paradise enow!



Mrs. Rabbit—Oh dear! It's raining, and that dog out there yet. Those clothes will surely be drenched.

WM. STITT & CO. Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

Tweeds and Cloths for Tailor-made Gowns and Coats. Handsome materials for Ball and Dinner Gowns.

DUCHESSE SATINS AND BROCADES

CREPES

Grenadines, Gauzes, Crepe de Chine.

VELVETS. PANNE.

MILLINERY The latest creations from London, Paris and New York.

CORSETS Our corset with the curved waist lines, straight fronts, rounding hips and low bust effects, will produce an elegance of figure that no other corsets can.

GLOVES Our Glove Department is well stocked with all the newest shades and tints.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Tel. 888

11 & 13 King Street East

GOWANS KENT & CO.

Rich Cut Glass

Brilliance of Color

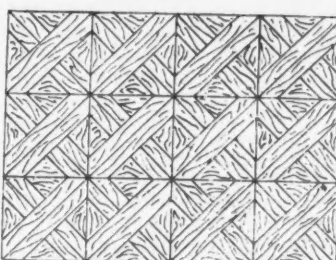
Symmetry of Form

Richness of Pattern

These are some of the qualities of perfect pieces.

If interested, visit our Cut Glass Department, or write for information.

14-16 FRONT ST. E.



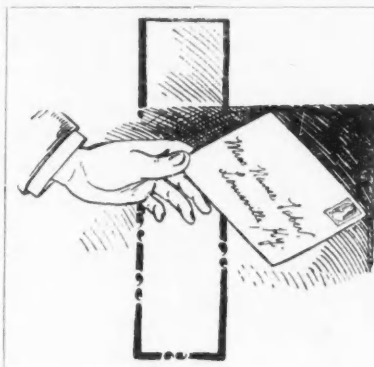
We are manufacturers of Hardwood floors, and deal direct at close prices. Our floors are unequalled for style, finish and durability. Send us your plan or measurements and we will quote you for the material necessary at net figures, or write for our revised price-list and catalogue.

The Elliott & Son Co.

LIMITED

79 King Street West

Toronto



A Christmas gift of aristocratic "PORTIA" notepaper—white, smooth, unglazed—envelopes to match—would be appreciated by refined people. Ask your stationer for "PORTIA," or send direct to

THE BARBER & ELLIS CO.

TORONTO

LIMITED

A Word with Flower Buyers

As a logical result of business, progressive ideas and close attention we find our trade firmly established and constantly growing. Unsurpassed facilities enable us to give our customers prompt service and the best and choicest of flowers. Send for price list.

Dunlop's

5 KING ST. WEST

445 YONGE ST.

English Cutlery Cabinets

We invite you to inspect our stock of Table Cutlery in Sterling Silver and Plated Ware

CAKE KNIVES
GRAPE SCISSORS
CRUMB SCOOPS, Etc.

RICE LEWIS & SON

LIMITED

Cor. KING AND VICTORIA STS.

TORONTO

THE HAROLD WILSON CO., Limited.
35 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.



Catalogue No. 23
SEASON 1900-1901

Wilson's
Fall and
Winter
Sports

Toys
and
Indoor
Games

MAILED FREE

Ryrie Bros.' Gift Hints

"Diamond Hall" asks the attention of everyone interested in gifts. Personal selection at first cost in the European markets lets us sell at close prices, dainty pieces you fear will be expensive. But you may be as extravagant or as economical as you wish—there is hardly a limit to "Diamond Hall's" treasures.



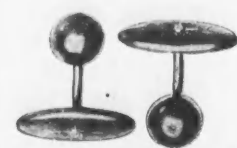
No. 3491 S. Solid Gold Pin, with Pearls, \$2.25.

No. 3473 S. Solid Gold Pin, with Pearls, \$3.00.

No. 4400 S. Solid Gold Necklace, \$2.75.
No. 4401 S. Same, Sterling Silver, 1c.

No. 4407 S. Solid Gold Necklet, \$1.40.
No. 4408 S. Same, Sterling Silver, \$1.60.

No. 8017 S. Chatelaine and Watch, Enamelled and Set with Diamonds, 18k. Gold, Complete, \$50.00.



No. 4033 S. Solid Gold Links, with Pearls, \$3.75 per pair.



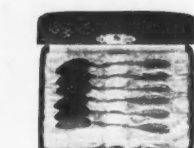
No. 8371 S. Half-dozen Fruit Knives, Sterling Silver Handles, in Case 6 1/2 inches square, \$6.00.



No. 5133 S. Rabbit's Foot Charm, Sterling Silver Mounting, 1c.



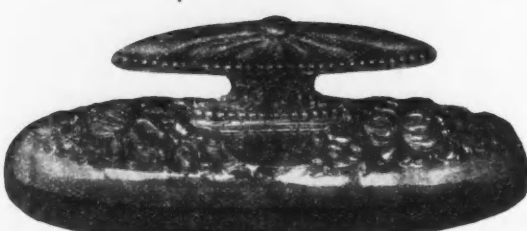
No. 8056 S. Pair of Sterling Silver Peppers in Case, \$5.00.



No. 8448 S. Half-dozen Coffee Spoons, Sterling Silver, complete in Case, \$2.50.



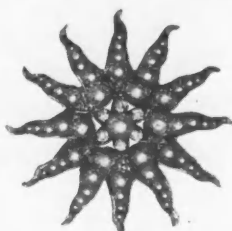
No. 8063 S. Tea Strainer, Sterling Silver, Ebony Handle, \$1.75.



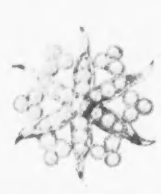
No. 5038 S. Nail Polisher, Sterling Silver, \$1.00.



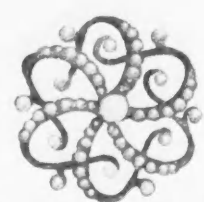
No. 8265 S. Fern Pot, 8 inches diameter, \$5.00.



No. 3370 S. Fine Pearl and Diamond Brooch or Pendant, \$60.00.



No. 3424 S. Fine Pearl Brooch or Pendant, \$15.00.



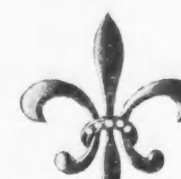
No. 3425 S. Same, with Diamond center, \$25.00.



No. 3421 S. Fine Pearl Brooch or Watch Chatelaine, \$14.00.



No. 3380 S. Fine Pearl Brooch, \$20.00.



No. 3458 S. Solid Gold Brooch, with Pearls, \$5.00. This Brooch may be used as a Chatelaine for Watch.



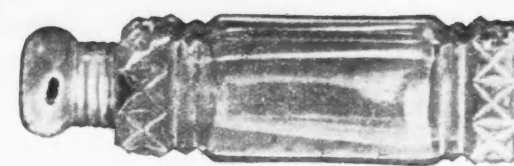
No. 8165 S. Napkin Ring, Sterling Silver, 1 inch wide, \$2.00.



No. 8166 S. Same 1 1/2 inches wide, \$2.50.



No. 5240 S. Tie Clasp, Sterling Silver, 7c.



No. 5219 S. Vinaigrette, Sterling Silver and Cut Glass, 50c.



No. 3802 S. Fine Diamond Ring, \$25.00.



No. 3821 S. Fine Diamond, \$50.00.



No. 3850 S. Fine Diamonds and Pearls, \$22.00.



No. 3846 S. 14k. Gold Ring with two Turquoise and three Whole Pearls, \$12.00.



No. 5203 S. A Tie Clip Sterling Silver, 25c.



No. 3815 S. Two Fine Diamonds, \$30.00.



No. 3910 S. Fine Turquoise and Diamond, with Diamonds in Shoulders, \$65.00.



No. 3813 S. Fine Opal and Diamonds, \$40.00.



No. 3856 S. Three Fine Opals, \$15.00.



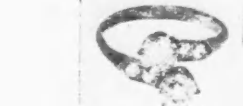
No. 3967 S. Pearl Opera Glass, Assorted Colors, Lemaire's Extra Quality, \$10.00.



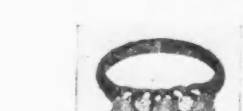
No. 1900 S. Military Wrist Watch, Ryrie Bros' 15-Jewel Movement, Solid Silver Case with Leather, Bracelet, \$12.00.



No. 3840 S. Three Fine Diamonds, \$75.00.



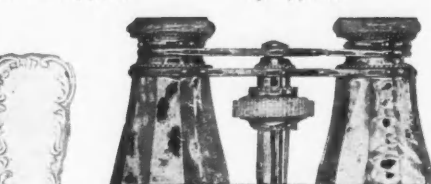
No. 2820 S. Two Fine Diamonds with Diamonds in Shoulders, \$150.00.



No. 3850 S. Fine Pearls and Diamonds, \$75.00.



No. 3734 S. Lady's Bloodstone Signet Ring, 14k., \$4.75.



No. 4116 S. Detachable Extension Pencil, Sterling Silver, \$2.25.



No. 8195 S. Address Book with Sterling Mounting, 50c.

RYRIE BROS
"Diamond Hall"

Cor. YONGE & ADELAIDE STREETS, TORONTO

FAIRWEATHER'S

Seal and Persian Lamb Jackets



If you have decided on having a Fur Jacket let us tell you that your chances grow less and less every day for having it when you want it—when you'll need it. We'll go the whole way of possibilities in filling your order "on time" if we're entrusted with it, but there are impossibilities with furriers even. Put us on the shopping list for your first down town call and we'll be as quick as we can consistently be to give you absolute satisfaction in style, fit, quality and workmanship. We make every garment we sell and we guarantee every garment we make.

PERSIAN LAMB JACKETS, \$5.00 to \$125.00
SEAL JACKETS, \$150.00 to \$250.00

Christmas Furs Generally

Many of the most useful and best appreciated Christmas gifts are picked from just such a novelty of high quality furs as we're displaying in our showrooms and the stock is "family-wide" in its comprehensiveness, for there are appropriate gifts for father, mother, brother, sister, husband, wife—and fiancée, too, for that matter. We'd like you to go on a tour of inspection with our showrooms as your objective point, and we'll warrant that if furs is to be what you'll give we have just the nicest things at just the price you want to pay.

If you live out of town write for style Card—but hurry!

J. W. T. Fairweather & Co.
84 Yonge Street.

Social and Personal.

EVER, that I can recall, has society made such an early start on the giddy round, as has been the case this season. Already, though December only dawned to-day, there have been balls and parties, vice-regal visitors, debut teas innumerable, and a few dinners. Last week occurred the largest private dance of the year, when Mrs. Matthews invited several hundreds of her friends to McConkey's beautiful ball-room, and where was enjoyed a dance easily first in elegance and magnificence, showing satisfactorily that the new ball-room and its adjuncts are amply adequate for the largest private hospitality. Mrs. Matthews received in an exquisite toilette of rich blue brocade, and never had a hostess a more charming assistant than Miss Matthews, whose entry into society has been greeted with so much admiration and so many compliments that, were she not sensible above the average, and sweet as she is wise, her pretty head would surely be turned. Everything that taste and wealth could ensure was done for the success of this delightful dance. The flowers, which filled the air with fragrance, were the gems of Dunlop's conservatories; the music in the ball-room proper, and the palm-room, "en bas," where the guests danced, as they chose a rendezvous, was excellent, and the supper, which was served at many tables of graded sizes, and beautifully decorated with flowers and lights, was of the daintiest and most tempting. As has been the case at both the dances at McConkey's, the honors were with the young folk, who seem to have it all their own way this season, but there were many guests whose grace and chic have adorned former seasons, and in addition quite a contingent of visitors from Montreal and other cities. Brides and bridegrooms also, and bridesmaids, aftermath of the fall weddings, were bonnie and happy guests at this affair, from which the last carriage rolled away as the city sparrows twittered their morning greetings. Among the debutantes who are so enthusiastically over their good times were many lovely girls, from the tall, fair maid to the sparkling, petite brunette, and, as at Mrs. Barwick's dance, most of the frocks were of the regulation white. Miss Gladys Jones, looking very sweet, was one of those who came out on this evening. Miss Arnoldi was a bud who made her debut at Mrs. Barwick's dance, but enjoyed the Matthews' dance immensely. Miss Nettie Barwick was another bright young dancer.

Invitations are out this week to the marriage of Mr. Alan Sullivan, elder son of the late Bishop Sullivan, and Miss Bessie Hees, second daughter of Mr. George Hees, of 174 St. George street. The marriage takes place in St. James' cathedral, of which the late Bishop was so revered a rector, at two o'clock on the twelfth of December. The date of the wedding is also the anniversary of the birth of the bride's mother, and has probably a value above other December days, which lends it appropriateness in the eyes of a daughter unusually devoted. The ceremony, which will be performed by His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, will be followed by a reception at Mr. Hees' residence, when friends will offer good wishes to the bride and groom, tinged, however, with regrets that they are not to settle in Toronto. The pretty home in Rat Portage which is Mr. Hees' marriage gift, is now complete, and promises to be an ideal menage. Standing on a point, with an exquisite view of the waterway in that picturesque country, it lacks nothing of inspiration that nature can give, and the well known artistic taste of its master and mistress-elect will secure the harmony of the interior with the beauty of its surroundings.

On Monday and Friday, Mrs. E. B. Osler gave a couple of afternoon teas in honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. F. Gordon Osler, who came home from her bridal tour last week, and with Mr. Osler has been the guest of honor at Craighleigh, while their own home in Madison avenue is getting its finishing touches. The hostess received in the drawing-room, in a grey brocade, with white lace, and Mrs.

Gordon Osler wore a pretty afternoon gown of grey touched with pink. The invariable air of comfort and cordial welcome which makes Craighleigh so pleasant a place to enter, was brightened by the new interest of greeting the bride, who had already made friends by the score in Toronto. The hoppers played in the library, and about a lovely table crowned with roses hovered half a dozen bright, busy girls, who, with sweet Mrs. Hal, Osler, and the Misses Osler, of Craighleigh, looked after the visitors. Though the day was of the dreariest and the way long and tedious, the brightness of the hour amply served to attract all who were bidden on Monday, and who generously foretold a finer day for the guests of yesterday's tea.

Mr. William Laidlaw and Miss Marion Laidlaw left for England on Sunday, on very short notice, Miss Laidlaw arranging to leave as her father's bright "compagnon de voyage" at twenty-four hours' notice. As is often the case, an impromptu trip will probably be ever so much more enjoyed by her than one long planned and looked forward to. In the meantime, she is much missed by her friends at smart functions here.

Miss Peck, of Montreal, who is one of Miss Ethel Matthews' bright guests, has been much admired, and her return home would be indefinitely postponed if she listened to the pleadings of her friends here.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. Gilmour gave a smart little tea for Mrs. Fulton at McConkey's to a few intimate friends. The pleasant hour was much enjoyed by a congenial party of ladies.

A very lovely gift to a bride has been a silken guest-chamber trousseau. White silk coverlid, pillow-slips, toilet-table cover, chair cushions and bolster, with dainty little trill window-curtains, all embroidered in palest forget-me-nots, with the monogram in white. I have never seen anything prettier, and needless to say, the value was no trifle. The trousseau was done in Paris, and is exquisite in material and work.

Talking on bridal gifts sends one's thoughts quite naturally to Ryrie's lovely shop, where, if one wanted to see a bride-elect, one was reasonably sure to run across her. The jewels, the silver, the crystal, and the art work in this shop are easily first in Canada, and since the enlargement and improvement, there is a chance to see and realize their beauty and value. About the cutest thing in the lot is an innocent-looking little square table, the tops of which part, unclose, and sink mysteriously, while from the interior rises a complete set of d'cancers, glasses and liqueur service. While one is laughing at this, from the lower regions comes a drawer with a complete poker outfit. Then the spring is touched and gradually the glittering array sinks down, the drawer is closed, the sanctimonious little leaves fold over, and there is again the innocent, naughty, deceptions, little tablekin. It is a great and elegant fraud, and everyone delights in seeing it exposed.

A most amusing incident occurred at a cinematograph exhibition in Cape Town, S.A., the other evening. The showman had engaged a lady pianist to furnish appropriate music for the moving pictures, and when the ever-popular one of the Red Cross nurses succoring the wounded on the battle-field was shown, that pianist's idea of appropriate music was the Dead March, which she gave with solemn gusto. It was one on the nurses, and the audience laughed in much delight and amusement at the pianist's "faux pas."

The buds had a lovely evening at Government House on Monday, when Miss Mowat gave them and their young friends a small and early dance. Everyone knows the ball-room, and that a grand floor and cool temperature are its special good points, with the green recesses of the dim con-

servatory as a sitting-out place, far ahead of the most Turkish of rooms or the most cosy of cosy corners. Miss Mowat was, as always, a cordial and thoughtful hostess to her young friends, and Mrs. Fred Mowat assisted her in her gracious duties. With a tidy bit of supper, plenty of dancing men, not a solitary wallflower, and home at midnight, the dance was one of the brightest and pleasantest little affairs possible. I hear rumors of a big one later on; let us hope they are true.

Miss Sizer, of Buffalo, is a guest of Miss Birdie Warren, Gerrard street east.

Mrs. George B. Toye has returned from a visit to her mother, Mrs. Clinton E. Brush, of South Orange, New Jersey, and will receive during the season at 25 Pembroke street on the first and second Mondays.

Mrs. Thos. Alison, of Fairlawn, College street, gave a large and very successful At Home on Thursday afternoon to introduce her daughter Florence, a sweet and dainty maid, whose friends are pleased to see her after four years' absence at school. The house, so perfectly adapted for entertaining, was thrown open. In the spacious drawing-room the hostess welcomed her visitors, wearing a gown of black and white brocade with real lace front; by her side the debutante in white silk, with stock and centure of pastel velvet, and the daughter-in-law, Mrs. E. R. Alison, looking handsome in her wedding gown of white Ottoman silk, trimmed with exquisite lace. Mrs. W. A. Young, looking very sweet in a handsome pink and white gown, had charge of the tea-room, where a table, laden with the daintiest of refreshments, and done with pink silk tulle, strewn with maidenhair fern, silver candelabra with shades, and any quantity of chrysanthemums (pink and white), was presided over by a quartette of beautiful maids, looking sweet in frocks of white organdie trills, tucks, and lace—Misses Alicia Hobson, May Pugsley, Lillian Kent, and Annie Orton, gowned in blue satin, real lace, and narrow velvet quite chic. Mrs. W. H. Oliphant, smartly frocked in blue and white organdie, with ruffled white yoke and sleeves and trimmings of blue satin, rendered capable and in piloting the guests from the drawing-room to the buffet. Behind a bank of palms in the long wide hall an orchestra discoursed sweet music. Some of the large number present were Mrs. and Miss Ansley and their guest, Mrs. Johnston, from Yarmouth, Eng.; Mrs. A. Garrett, Mrs. M. Claren, Mrs. and the Misses White, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. and Miss Langmuir, Mrs. E. Langmuir, Mrs. J. P. Langley, Mrs. Bremer, Mrs. A. Gidson, Mrs. W. H. Pearson, Mrs. Snelgrove, Miss Dack, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Pugsley, Mrs. and Miss Kent, Mrs. Cady, Mrs. Donald, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. and Miss Dunnet, Mrs. Ramney and her guest, Miss Allan, Mrs. R. J. Allan, Mrs. Thomas Davis, Mrs. Akers, Mrs. and Miss Sloan, Misses Kerr, Miss Lovell, Miss Fuller, Mrs. R. J. Wilson, Mrs. A. R. Gordon, Mrs. T. J. Dunbar, Miss Gale, Mrs. W. G. Wallace, Mrs. G. E. Dunbar, Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. W. A. Young, Mrs. Ivey, Mrs. Gale, Mrs. R. Ross, Mrs. Larkin, and Mrs. McMahon.

Only Human.

When a man receives a shilling which is palpably of lead. His remarks before a clergyman could scarcely be re-said. He raves about dishonesty and snoreth with contempt—More righteous indignation, surely, mortal never dreamt—And ne'er a smiling countenance doth this same man present—Until he's passed the "robert" on some unsuspecting gent.—English Exchange.

"I would have you know, sir, that my family is descended from William the Conqueror." "Yes," he replied with a quiet smile; "and it still appears to be on the down grade."

Social and Personal.

Trinity Athletic dance was a very jolly affair on Friday evening of last week, and the attendance was large and smart. There is always a charm in Trinity dances, which its friends fully recognize and value. The grand conversat, later on, bids old and young to its portals, but only the younger set go in for the Athletic Association dance. The sweet girls from St. Hilda's, with their delightful principal, Mrs. Rigby, wearing a black gown, lightened with vivid red; Mrs. Huntingford, in a smart white dress, with lace bertha, and her bright sister, Miss Brereton, were brought by the jolly professor. By the way, a rumor reached me that Professor and Mrs. Huntingford are leaving Toronto next year. It isn't just one of the sort of rumors you care about, for both are very much liked. Dr. and Mrs. Clark did not receive on Friday, but now and then an old friend found the way to the professor's snugger and said a little word to him. Mrs. Clark was in the Convocation Hall for a brief while. The new Provost, Rev. T. C. Street Macklem, kept open house in the new corridor, and his cosy room was besieged by men and maids, who enjoyed his nice supper and delightful den. Mr. Macklem has taken hold of the affairs of Trinity with such energy and success that the outlook is very bright, and money, the always needed, is coming in most satisfactorily. The Athletic dance was notable for the number of tall and stunning girls who were its greatest belles, the two daughters of Mrs. Stewart (nee Oter), in very becoming gowns, being much admired. The beautiful Misses Jarvis, daughters of Mr. Arthur Jarvis, Miss Helen Strange, Miss Cooke, Miss Emily Falconbridge, Miss Mary Miles, Miss Meta Macbeth, Miss Drury of Kingston, Miss Gwen Francis, Miss Gladys Jones, Misses Barrett, Misses Wilkes, Miss Brodie, Misses Hughes, Misses Warren of Chicago, Miss Lockie, Miss Pechell, Misses R. and C. Fuller of Rosedale, Miss Gosling, Miss Scarth, Miss Lamport, Miss Muriel Massey, Misses Jackson, Miss Tomlinson, Miss Dottie Lamont, Messrs. Merrick, George Lamont, W. Lamont, Hughes, Bright, Ridout, Wadsworth, Dr. Vivien, Strathy, Kirkpatrick, Rolph, Lockie, Evans-Lewis, A. Wilson, E. Monck, Minty, Selby Martin and Despard were a few of the bright gathering last week in old Trinity. Two pretty little debutantes were Miss Brown, who was chaperoned by her stalwart papa, and Miss Rita Murray, daughter of Mr. James Murray, who is one of the dearest maidens imaginable, and already quite a popular person. Miss Kathleen Taylor was a little blonde much admired. Miss Sylvester was in a very pretty black and scarlet frock, and was very dainty and graceful.

Miss Westbrooke of Ogdensburg is a guest at Maplehyen. Miss Brennan of Hamilton is the guest of Miss Eunice Stout. Mrs. Watt of Brantford is visiting friends in town. Miss Caudwell of Brantford is the guest of Mrs. Hoskins of Deer Park. Miss Steele is the guest of Miss Beatrice Pearson. A bright house party, entertained by that most hospitable hostess, Mrs. Matthews, included last week: Mrs. and Miss Shaughnessy, Miss Estelle Holland, Miss Evelyn Mackenzie, Miss Hester Peck, and Miss Maggie Melthen of Montreal. Mrs. Bucke of New Orleans, a sweet little maiden, who has been for some time with Mrs. Matthews, and whose fair sisters have also brightened her home from time to time. Miss Ethel Matthews shortly leaves for Montreal on a return visit, and thence for New Orleans. She will indeed be missed hereabouts.

Mrs. Hugh Macdonald gives an At Home next Thursday at her residence, 354 Wellington street west. Among the large houses in Toronto the most can be found in this neighborhood, and none is more beautifully arranged to welcome a great number than Mrs. Macdonald's. Teas may be large, but they are never uncomfortable in the spacious home where this kind hostess presides.

Mrs. Charles Sheard has sent out cards for five o'clock tea on next Thursday afternoon, at her residence, 314 Jarvis street.

The annual At Home and dance of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons is announced for December 6. Owing to the increased popularity of this function, the college building has been found incapable of accommodating the many patrons, and in consequence it has been deemed advisable to hold it this year in the Temple Building. No efforts are being spared to make this the most successful event of the season. The following ladies have consented to act as patronesses: Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. A. M. Clarke, Mrs. Stuart, Mrs. W. E. Willmott, Mrs. H. Clark, Mrs. McKenzie, Mrs. Trotter, Mrs. Snellgrove.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Maud Prince, daughter of Mrs. MacKay, of Hamilton, to Mr. J. E. Smallman of London.

The Argonaut Rowing Club will entertain at dinner on Wednesday, December 12, at the Temple Cafe, Captain Barker and the other members of the club lately returned from South Africa, and their football team, who have just finished a successful season. It is some years since a dinner was held under the auspices of the club. As all affairs undertaken by the members are a great success, this will be no exception, as the matter is in the hands of a very live and energetic committee, composed of T. P. Galt, A. P. Burritt, W. M. Bright, C. F. Pontland, O. Heron, J. W. Barry, George H. Doherty, Fred Maguire, Charles S. Meek, F. H. Thompson, C. E. A. Goldman, J. G. Merrick, D. Bremner, secretary.

At half past eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning, at the residence of the bride's parents, Sydenham street,

Kingston, Mr. Reginald Walter Brock of the Geological Survey, Ottawa, was married to Miss Millie Gertrude Britton, sixth daughter of Byron M. Britton, Q.C., M. P. The house was beautifully decorated with plants and cut flowers, that artistic labor of love being performed by the bride's sisters and brothers. A dais at the further end of the library was covered with rugs and banked with palms and ferns, dotted here and there with pots of marguerites and white chrysanthemums, while the tops of the bookcases all around the room were laden with varieties of the graceful asparagus fern. The relatives of the bride and groom stood at either side of the dais, and the guests, numbering upwards of seventy, filled the drawing-room, library and hall. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Donald G. Macphail of St. Andrew's Church, Picton. The wedding march was played as the bride's party entered the drawing-room and passed through the arch to the library, where the officiating clergyman stood on the dais, and, before him, the bridegroom and groomsmen. Mr. Charles Moss, of Toronto. The bride was given away by her father. The bridesmaid was Miss Elizabeth Britton, groomed in brown broadcloth, trimmed with turquoise blue panne velvet and gold passementerie. Her close-fitting brown velvet hat was trimmed with handsome white lace and touches of blue panne velvet. The bride was married in her visiting toilette, a brown broadcloth gown, exquisitely made by Stitt, on train, and trimmed around the foot with groups of tucks as fine as cording, above which a floral design was applied in brown silk. The white silk blouse was tucked, and trimmed with fine gold passementerie, and the smart little brown broadcloth Eton jacket was lined with white silk, and had long revers of heavy white silk appliqued with an elaborate floral design in white chenille and passementerie. The stylish toque of brown velvet, with soft, full crown of white silk appliqued with white, was trimmed with brown ostrich feathers, and had soft gold cloth arranged between the dainty crown and the dark velvet brim. The complete toilette was most artistic, and was worn with stately grace by the tall, fair bride, who looked regally beautiful on her wedding morning. At the close of the marriage service the bride and groom were soon surrounded by the friends who were eager to offer their congratulations and best wishes. The wedding breakfast was served in the library, dining-room and hall. The decorations of the bridal table were white chrysanthemums and white satin ribbon, and the bride cake was topped with white roses. Mr. and Mrs. Brock left at one o'clock for Montreal, New York and other places. A large number of friends accompanied them to the lower G.T.R. station, and as they boarded the train they were followed by a shower of rice, emblematic of the good luck that it is hoped will follow them all through life. Both bride and groom are brilliant graduates of Queen's University. Upon their return from the wedding trip they will take up residence in Ottawa. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre, Miss Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. Martin, Dr. and Mrs. Clarke, Rev. J. Elliott and Mrs. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers, Mr. and Mrs. Howard, S. Folger, Mr. H. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Calvin, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Folger, Mrs. Carey, Mrs. Waddell, Dr. Goodwin, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, the Misses Cunningham, Miss Marion Lewis, the Misses Montizambert, Miss Hague, Miss Anna Lesslie, Miss Isabel Cartwright, Miss Mabel Brownfield, Miss Carrie Skinner, Mr. R. Skinner, Miss Ada Birch, Miss Ethel Hendry, Miss Alice Macnee, Miss Ethel Waldron, the Misses Gohar, Miss Beatrice Tandy, Miss Lilla Callaghan, Miss Kathleen Hart, Miss Marion Redden, Miss Norma Macdonald, Miss Etta Kirkpatrick, Miss Louise Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Brock, Ottawa; Mrs. Ryckman, Brockville; Mrs. Atkinson, Miss Florence Atkinson, Mrs. W. H. Britton, Miss Mariel Britton, Miss Moffatt, Mrs. Cowan, Miss Shirley Cowan, Gananoque; Mr. H. Learmont, Miss Lulu Willett, Montreal; Miss Mary Durlie, Ottawa; Rev. D. G. and Mrs. Macphail, Miss Mary Macphail, Picton; Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Gilbert, Geoffrey and Humphrey Gilbert, Montreal; Mrs. C. V. Schuyler, New York; Mr. G. Dalton, Cadets Cassells, Edgar, Folger, Robertson, Cuckacke and Messrs. Holton and Arthur Britton.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Creelman asked a few friends of her niece, Mrs. Watt, of Brantford, formerly Miss Daisy Creelman of the Junction, to enjoy a cozy cup of tea and other nice and dainty fare. The tea-table was presided over by three young persons, who were a perfect picture of

TAYLOR'S WILD ROSE PERFUME.

A
SUITABLE
GIFT....

A GIFT THAT WILL PLEASE.



The Unique Adjustable Mirror

It can be raised to any height
Tilted to any angle
Turned from side to side.

LADIES having used it say it is indispensable in the dressing-room.
GENTLEMEN find it a boon in shaving.

Finished in
Enamel, Brass, Oxidized Copper and Oxidized Silver,
with Antique, Oak, and Mahogany Tables,
Best British Bevelled Plate Glass.

A most desirable XMAS PRESENT, being new, useful and ornamental.

NOAH L. PIPER & SON,
MANUFACTURERS,
314 FRONT ST. WEST, - TORONTO

Impromptu Refreshments.

At five o'clock tea, or as an accompaniment to a snug afternoon chat, try a cup of

OXOL

The Oxol Company's FLUID BEEF Preparations.

They are the most reliable and nourishing.

OXOL FLUID BEEF CO., MONTREAL.



She knows more about fashions, make and fabric than the majority of men. Invite her to come with you: she can appreciate the detail and careful finish of our garments which escape the eyes of most of you men.

New and Handsome Overcoats—Oxfords, Cheviots, Herringbones, Beavers and Meltons—tailored with all the style that the well-dressed man could desire.

\$8.50 to \$18 00

OAK HALL CLOTHIERS

115 to 121 KING ST. EAST,
and 116 YONGE ST., TORONTO

earnest duty, the three young daughters of the house. Miss Isabel poured tea, Miss Maud served ice cream, and the dear little roly-poly girl of six gravely handed sandwiches and cakes. The cosy, informal tea was much enjoyed by everyone. Among the friends who greeted Mrs. Watt, who looked so well and pretty in her red frock with beautiful white lace bolero, were Mrs. and Miss Dalton, Miss Hoskin and her sister-in-law-elect, Miss Caudwell, Miss Catto, Mrs. Arthur Ross, Miss Campbell and a few others.

Universal is the regret at the unforeseen and sudden departure of lovely

Mrs. Russell, who was called home to Scotland on Monday. Mrs. Strathy accompanied her guest to New York.

Mr. Mortimer Clark, the president of St. Andrew's Society, presented a pretty silver badge of a St. Andrew's cross, surmounted by a crown, to the stewards of the St. Andrew's ball.

Next Tuesday is a night marked off by many of our smartest people, and will be devoted to enjoying the sweet singing of the Toronto Singers' Club, under Mr. Schuch, and the fascinating playing of Donhanyi, the gifted Hungarian pianist, whose fame has been

THE BIGGEST BOOK STORE IN CANADA

7 and 9 King Street East, Toronto

NOW READY

Three Little Maids

BY ETHEL TURNER

Crown 8vo., Cloth Gilt

\$1.00

This is the most delightful girl's story of the season. The *Bookman* says: "Miss Ethel Turner is Miss Alcott's true successor. The same healthy-spirited tone is visible which boys and girls recognized and were grateful for in 'Little Women' and 'Little Men.' The same absence of pruniness and the same love of adventure."

The Canadian Wild Life Calendar for 1901

Six magnificent plates and etched cover, from original drawings by Arthur Hemming and John Innes.
Size 14 x 21 inches. Printed in Colours.
A charming souvenir, and especially suitable for sending abroad.

Hand-Painted Calendars

A limited stock. No duplicates. Unique designs.

The Publishers' Syndicate, LIMITED,

7 and 9 King Street East, Toronto.

HIS FAVORITE INSTRUMENT THAT

HE ALWAYS CHOOSES FOR THOSE

OF CULTIVATED TASTES IS A :::

Nordheimer Piano



These superior and high grade pianos are particularly adapted for Christmas gifts, as they are the gems of the piano makers' art in rich and melodious tone and mechanical perfection. For wife, sister or mother they are a royal gift, and you can buy one on easy terms.

The NORDHEIMER PIANO AND MUSIC CO., Limited

15 King Street East, Toronto

so quickly assured in both hemispheres. New York people have had nothing since Paderewski to so much arouse their enthusiasm as this wonderful artist.

Mrs. and Miss Ferguson of Drummondville, Niagara Falls, are in town for a short sojourn.

The marriage of Mr. Harry J. Rae and Miss Nellie Ireland will take place at St. Simon's Church, at 4 p.m., on Wednesday, January 2, 1901.

Lady Taylor gave a tea yesterday for Miss Teresa Wilson, corresponding secretary National Council of Women, who was, if I am not mistaken, formerly Lady Aberdeen's private secretary.

Mrs. Schoenberger has returned from Cobourg for the winter, and, with Miss Tate, receives on Tuesdays as usual at 184 College street.

Mrs. Fred Howard Gray, who has recently returned to live in Toronto, will receive on the second and third Monday of each month, at Mrs. Thorne's pension, 64 Bloor street east.

Mrs. Sylvester gave an afternoon progressive euchre on Wednesday. Mr. Gladwyn Macdougall, wounded in action in South Africa, is invalided to England.

The sympathy of a large circle goes to those amiable and clever girls, the Misses McKellar, of Beverley street, in their great sorrow over the death of their sweet mother, who was the widow of the late Dr. McKellar, and a lady whose friends prized her above the ordinary. Mrs. McKellar's death was a shock to many warm friends.

Mr. J. Colin Forbes, R.C.A., who is the painter of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's fine portrait which has been so much admired in Matthews' window this week, is visiting his brother-in-law, Mr. A. Keith, in Markham street. Mr. Forbes is a Canadian, now residing in Ithaca, N.Y., and has been north on a hunting trip.

Rev. Charles Shortt and Rev. Egerton Ryerson have arrived safely at their mission in Japan. Mrs. Craigie is visiting Mrs. Boucher Clark.

Miss Marie Pope, one of the bridesmaids-elect of the Sullivan-Hees wedding, came to town from Boston yesterday, and was a very smart guest at the Ball last night.

A bride's dinner is to be a charming

Fine Overcoats

It is selling fine, fashionably made Overcoats, to order in all the leading styles, at popular prices, that is bringing us the great business. We are now doing greater by far than in any previous season in the history of our business.

FRANK BRODERICK & CO.

Tailors, Importers

109 King St. West

reunion in the Queen's Park one evening next week. What a lovely party one could have with only the brides and grooms past and to come of the past and present season!

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Johnson have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Adelaide, and Mr. Thompson Christie, on Thursday, December 6, at 2:30 o'clock, at the Western Congregational Church, Spadina avenue, and afterwards at 74 Baldwin street.

On December 10 Miss Fannie Crombie, daughter of Mrs. Hammond, and Mr. Parker of Montreal will be married, and on December 18, the marriage of Miss Margaret Wilkie, daughter of Mr. D. R. Wilkie, and Mr. W. A. H. Kerr will be celebrated at All Saints'.



Useful Christmas Presents

are suggested by a look through our high-class stock of Dry Goods and Novelties. Silks, Dress Fabrics, Laces, Jackets, Skirts, Shirt Waists, Umbrellas, Handkerchiefs, Kid Gloves, Neckwear, Linen Damasks, Wool Blankets and Eider-downs.

JOHN CATTO & SON

King Street—opposite the Post-Office.

TORONTO

EXSHAW'S, MARTELL, HENNESSY

COOKING BRANDIES

GEORGE W. COOLEY

TELEPHONE 3089 567 Yonge Street

HOF-BRAU
(Liquid Malt Extract of Malt)
The Health Builder
Makes Flesh and Blood
Makes Strong the Weak
The only Malt Extract on the market prepared in a similar manner to the world-famous
HOF'S MALT EXTRACT
Manufactured in Cologne, Germany, where Mr. L. Reinhardt graduated in 1870.
2 FOR 25¢
FOR SALE BY
All Druggists

Woman's Opportunities

to become more beautiful are within reach of all. You may be growing old in years, but you may grow old in looks! Madame Kennedy, the leading and successful complexion specialist, has given you positive proof that wrinkles can be removed; that all blemishes can be cured. As a positive proof she has had on exhibition at different times seven old ladies with no wrinkles removed from one side of the face, leaving the other side to show just how badly they were wrinkled. Also five girls with the freckles removed from one side of the face. Have you seen any of these women? If not, call and see the girl now on exhibition with the one side of her face treated. This is positive proof that wrinkles, pimples, freckles, moles, patches, acne and all facial blemishes can be cured. Best of testimonials can be seen at parlors. All consultations free.



Madame Loraine Kennedy

114 YONGE STREET (upstairs), TORONTO, ONT.

ASSEMBLY HALL

SUPPER ROOM

Confederation Life Building

Highly adapted for Public and Private Assemblies, At Homes, Banquets, Bazaars, Concerts, etc. Perfect floor for dancing. Complete system of ventilation. Furnished dressing and retiring-rooms.

For full particulars apply to—

A. M. CAMPBELL,

Telephone 2351. 12 Richmond St. East.

CHRISTMAS CAKES

Of finest quality, covered with Almond Icing and handsomely decorated. Shipped by express to all parts of the Dominion.

Five Pounds and Upwards
40 cents per Pound.

Our Catalogue tells about a great many other good things to eat. It is mailed free to those who mention this paper.

The Harry Webb Co.
LIMITED

447 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Darling of Ravensmount gave a brilliant dance in St. George's Hall to the young set on Tuesday evening, to bring out her elder daughter, Miss Winnifred Darling. Mr. and Mrs. Darling, Mr. C. W. Darling and the debutante made a family group whose welcome was as hearty as their hearts are kind, which is saying a good deal. The debutante, at her mother's right hand, has not the good time of the girl who comes out at someone else's dance, and may fill her programme betimes. This debutante may not dance until the tardiest guests have been welcomed; for this deprivation she has the compensation of many kind words from her mother's friends, and the example of that mother to give her "manner" in receiving a thing too much neglected. Miss Darling, if she follows the example she has observed, will do a hostess' part in perfection. Then, at ten o'clock, she may leave her post and dance, but be back shortly after supper to say good-bye to early "homings" birds. Miss Darling was very sweet and nice in the observance of these and other little duties at her coming-out. "Who was the belle?" asked the stay-at-home. Honors were easy between the starry-eyed girl from St. George's street and the bright young bride of Craigleigh, who each, in common with several others, had more partners than they knew what to do with, and never seemed to tire. Shoals of dancing men were there, and flocks of white-robed girls, though pink frocks had also a large wearing, and pale blue was a favorite shade, the soft pastel which is so artistic. Among the debutantes Miss Lister, Miss Allayne Jones, Miss Kate Cross, Miss Aileen Carveth, Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Miss Grindlay, Miss Mary Miles, Miss Evelyn Cameron, Miss Gwen Francis, Miss Marie Poy, Miss Muriel Smith, Miss Kate Ross, with Miss Estelle Holland of Montreal, Miss Westbrook of Ogdensburg, Miss Drury of Kingston, Miss Douglass Young of Hamilton, Miss Storer of England, Miss Naomi Wilson of Quebec, Miss Carrie Crerar of Hamilton, the Misses Warren of Chicago, the Misses Gibson, daughters of the well-known politician, "Wullie Gibson," of Welland; Miss Peck of Montreal, were particularly smart and admired. Other popular girls were the Misses Jarvis of Glen road, Miss Maud Cowan, Miss Bessie Bethune, Miss Marion Baker, whose hero brother, Captain Barker, was kept at home by severe cold; Miss Jackson, Miss Harris, Miss Vandermissen, Miss Mamie Christie, in a smart yellow and black frock; Miss Falconbridge, in cerise silk, under a cream lace dress; Miss E. Falconbridge, Miss Leila McDonnell, in pink, with white lace; Miss Geary, in pink, with entreeux of white lace; Miss Jermyn, in an exquisite silver-gray satin and chiffon, with Brussels lace; her sister in a most modish frock of sheath overdress of white silk, touched with Eau de Nile velvet, and a chiffon jupe underneath, resting inches of fluffs and frills on the floor all round, quite the "demi-cris," but much in one's way for dancing; Miss Tudor and Miss Freda Montizambert, Miss Kate Crawford, Miss Somerville of Atherley, Miss S. Macdougall of Carlton Lodge, Miss Helen Armstrong, the Misses Mortimer Clark, Miss Muriel Ridout, Miss Melvin-Jones, in a lovely shell pink chiffon, panelled with pale brocade, edged in gold paillettes; Miss Nora Sullivan, Miss Biggar, Miss Justina Harrison and Miss Mollie Plimmer, two stunning girls, in black and white respectively; Miss Wallbridge, Miss Brouse, in a most becoming nectarine frock; Miss M. Myles, Miss Amo Osler, Miss Beatrice Miles, Miss Aura Bain, in an ultra-smart white satin "en princesse," applied with beautiful lace; Miss Anne Bain, in yellow satin, quaintly trimmed with white puffs, strapped with black velvet; Miss Louie Chadwick of Lanmar, Miss Beatrice Sullivan, always most smart, wore a lovely gown; Miss Rosamond Boulthée, a very handsome pink frock; Miss E. Temple was in pale blue satin, Miss Waldie, Miss Parkin, the Misses Buchanan, Miss Muriel Massey, Miss Ethel Ellis, Miss Dwight, the Misses McArthur, Miss Madge Davidson and Miss Mabel Rae. A few married folk—Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Mr. and Mrs. Burritt, Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis, Dr. Hood, Mr. and Mrs. Grayson Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler—were also of the party, and a few of the beaux were Messrs. Parmenter, E. and W. Wright, Ross, Harbottle, Moreton, Meredith, Gray, Marsland, Lister, A. and L. Somerville, Melbourne Macdonald, Mat Cameron, W. Kingsmill, Waldie, Laing, Hal McGivern, Brooke, F. Aylesworth, Dawson, Geary, Boddy, Douglas, Maule, Drummond, Counsel, W. Ross, E. Monck, John Thompson, Ralph, Holmes, Smythe, Biggar, Baldwin, Warden, Christie, Ridout, Foy, Creelman, Sweetman, Smellie. The gallery, before which floated huge flags, and the large meeting-room, were used as sitting-out places; in the latter a pretty buffet was set with light refreshments, and many cosy chairs set "tete-a-tete" kept the young dancers for a brief moment. Supper was served at a round table and small tables downstairs, and merriment ran high, as the crackles gave up quaint hats and weird whistles and other surprises, and the young folks enjoyed a very elegant and tempting repast. Mrs. Darling's already long list of invitation was so increased by the number of persons desirous of bringing visitors to this charming dance that at times it was rather crowded, but the dancers seem to have foreworn their headlong rushes this year, and much increase of comfort results, while a much larger number can enjoy the dances.

Mrs. Grayson-Smith, as Mrs. Jarley, was the main attraction at the "Tennis Concert" on Thursday evening, given in St. Alban's Cathedral Crypt, which was very much enjoyed by many in attendance.

D.D.N., in the London, England, "Sun," writes: "Sir Wilfrid Laurier, whom the Canadian elections have again made Premier of Canada, is a new sort of political prophet. 'Victory is in the air,' he said in a recent speech. 'You hear it in the rustling of the foliage, in the murmur of the running water.' I was not among Sir Wil-

frid's audience, or I should have called him a wicked story-teller." That is nothing to what his opponents out here called him, but hard words are not votes, as both sides have cause to remark.

On Tuesday afternoon Miss Margaret Wallace of 24 Leopold street, Parkdale, gave a tea in honor of Miss Kit Morris of Montreal, who is visiting friends in the city. The color scheme was violet, beautifully carried out in the decoration of the tea-table, which was canopied with wreaths of smilax, hung from the chandelier, and fastened to the table corners with violet bows. Ices, bonbons and cakes were in the chosen tint, with very pretty effect.

Miss Wallace of 71 Pembroke street has a very good exhibition of burnt and Marqueterie work, which is applied on so many useful, pretty and seasonable gifts that it should be examined by Christmas shoppers. What lady does not need and appreciate a pretty opera glass bag, with her monogram or name burnt upon the leather, and her pet flower wreathing it about. Miss Wallace does all this, and her prices are not at all commensurate with the beauty of her work. Tally cards, menu cards, calendars, picture frames, dining-table mats, a beautiful screen, are some of the things done or doing just now. The clever little lady deserves the patronage of gift-buyers who are artistic.

The president, officers and members of the University of Toronto Athletic Association have sent out invitations to their annual At Home, in the Gymnasium, on Friday, December 7, 1900, at 8.30 o'clock. The patronesses are: Miss Mowat, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Harcourt, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Galbraith, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. W. G. Gooderham, Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Salter. Mr. V. E. Henderson is the secretary, and an able committee, including Messrs. G. W. Ross, Jr., E. P. Brown, George M. Bertram, F. H. Wood, J. A. Jackson and E. A. Jackson, have the arrangements in charge. Tickets are to be had from any of these gentlemen and also from J. S. Merck, office of Lefroy & Boulton, Tradlers' Bank Building. This dance was formerly known as the Rugby Dance, having been founded in connection with the winning of the championship of Canada in '95 by Varsity's Rugby team, since which time it has been increasing in popularity and éclat.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Kent are now quite settled in their new home, 193 Madison avenue. Mrs. Kent will receive on the first and second Fridays in the month.

Two banquets are en train for the next few weeks' consideration. The first will be given in honor of the Minister of the Interior, Hon. Clifford Sifton, who has gone to the West Coast on election matters, and will be banqueted in Toronto on December 11. The second will be for Colonel Otter, who is to be welcomed back with every honor by his staunch friends when he returns from South Africa. The committee in charge of the latter banquet are: Lieut.-Col. Mason, chairman; Lieut.-Col. Grasett, Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison, Lieut.-Col. J. I. Davidson, Messrs. J. S. Willison, Dr. R. Wilkie, John Massey, B. E. Walker, Dr. Temple, Castle Hopkins, C. H. Ritchie, Q. C., E. B. Osler, M.P., George Gooderham, Jr., W. K. McNaught, Dr. G. R. Parkin, C.M.G., Hon. George W. Ross, Hon. G. A. Cox, W. R. Brock, M.P., E. F. Clarke, M.P., J. K. Kerr, Q.C., Rev. Mr. Williamson of St. John's Church, Nicol Kingsmill, Q.C., Barlow Cumberland, Lieut.-Col. MacLaren of Hamilton, Lieut.-Col. the Hon. J. M. Gibson, G. W. Beardsmore, Sir Frank Smith, Hon. G. W. Allan, J. T. Small, Col. G. A. Sweny, Lieut.-Col. Delamere, Lieut.-Col. Clarence Denison, Lieut.-Col. Bruce, Lieut.-Col. Macdonald and Major Myles.

At the request of the Woman's Art Association of Canada the artists whose names are given have kindly consented to open their studios to visitors on Saturday afternoon, December 1, and also on the afternoon of the first Saturday in January and February: F. M. Bell-Smith, 336 Jarvis street; E. W. Grier, Imperial Bank Building; Miss Hemming, 582 Church street; F. McG. Knowles, Room V, Confederation Life Building; Miss G. E. Spurr, Room 18, 15 Toronto street; Mr. O. P. Staples, 75 Maitland place; Miss Windeat, 46 Cecil street; Mr. C. M. Manly, York Chambers, Toronto street; Miss Laura Muntz, Yonge Street Arcade; Mr. R. F. Gagen, 90 Yonge street; Mr. F. S. Challener, 43 Adelaide street east; Mrs. Dignam, 284 St. George street; Miss E. May Martin, 110 Crescent road; Mr. Thomas Mowbray, 126 Church street.

A Stouffville correspondent writes: "This town is noted for observing the old adage of the poet Goldsmith, 'To welcome the coming and speed the parting guest,' and on Thursday, November 15, tendered the popular young banker, Mr. F. J. King of the Standard Bank, a banquet on the eve of his departure for Chicago. The function took place at the Mansion House. The chair was occupied by Reeve Stark, and the usual toasts were proposed and responded to in a happy manner. All the gentlemen present were united in speaking in the highest terms of our departing guest, and, although kindly expressions are expected on occasions like this, yet everything said had the ring of sincerity and truth. Among those present were Reeve Stark and Councillor W. H. Todds, H. J. Morden, manager, and F. B. Squier, teller, of the Standard Bank; Rev. J. W. Denness Cooper, R. Underhill, Dr. G. A. Froel, W. B. Sanders, T. E. Trull, James Hand, George Collard, C. Russell Filch, Robert Miller, R. P. Coulson, James O'Brien, John D. Forsyth, J. W. Shankel, A. C. Martin, John McGrath, P. Lemon, F. E. R. J. A. Todd and Dr. D. C. Smith. Mr. King goes to Chicago strongly re-

COLD PROOF WEATHER PROOF

Our line of Men's Goodyear welted three-sole shoes, made of box calf black and storm calf tan, will give

More Wear
More Comfort
for the money than any other shoes offered in this city for \$3.00.

Three Soles
Three Widths
Three Dollars

KINGSLEY & CO.
186 YONGE STREET
Order by mail.

THE ART HOME

(formerly of 470 Yonge Street)
Now over Eric Bros., Yonge & Adelaide Sts.
Specialties: Oil Paintings, Water Colors and China Painting—the work of Professional Artists only.

The
Bain
Book
Company

Offer the following...

Christmas Suggestions.

Art Calendars
Picture Novelties
Leather Purses
" Card Cases
" Cigar Cases
" Cigarette Cases
Gold Fountain Pens
Glass Inks
Brass Inks
Dainty Boxes of Stationery

BOOKS FOR EVERYBODY
Specially the children.

At 96 Yonge Street.

A BOTTLE OF Hooper's Lavender
is always an acceptable gift for Lad or Gentlemen, and is especially suited as an offering to the sick or aged.
The smallest sizes at 35c. fitted with sprinkle top is a dainty present, while some exquisite design in fancy-stopped and cut glass bottles will appeal to the more fastidious.

Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors
The Hooper Co.
LIMITED
CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS
43 and 45 King Street West
"Open all day Sundays."

commended, as he was one of the most efficient and best-paid accountants in the Standard Bank of Canada. He resigned his position to go into larger fields, where his ability and talents would meet with due recognition.



Caterers

Weddings
Collations
Dinners or
Soirees

In this or other cities supplied in the very best styles. Menus furnished on application. Chocolates, Bon Bon, and Fancy Ices.

★ **COLES** ★
Phone 3423. 719 Yonge St., Toronto

The Leading Homeopathic Pharmacy in Canada D. L. THOMPSON

394 YONGE ST. TORONTO, ONT.
Homeopathic Medicines in all forms and potencies. Pocket, Family and Physicians' Medicine Cases. Books, Schussler Tissue Remedies.
In medicine everyone should get the best, and the best in Homeopathy is found at the Pharmacy of D. L. Thompson.
Call, address, or send for our "Manual."

Some of our Specialties:
Worm Powders
Hensel's Tonicum
Calendula Cerate
Hypophospherine
Tincture Podophyllum
Grippe Cure

Healthful Confections For A "Sweet Tooth"

The great purity of Fry's Chocolate Confections, their richness and their delicate flavor makes them ideal for candy lovers.

Their healthfulness lies in their purity, and yet the cost to you through your dealer is less than you'd expect to pay for these famous English Confections.

You can buy them now in quarter, half and one pound wooden boxes—the assortment you'll get is a varied one, and will surprise you in its great variety. But be sure you ask for Fry's "Fry's"

Confections.
Made in England but sold everywhere.

"It is a Fownes"

That is all you require to know about a Glove. They are made for women and men. Demand them from your dealer.

ARMAND'S NEW STYLE OF HAIR SWITCHES

With spring, which fastens itself around a lady's hair, either to hide her hair entirely, or can be easily and gracefully interwoven with her own. Beware of imitation and imposition by unreliable dealers, who advertise a fastening switch with a **Spring FASTENED** of a **Spring**. All our Patent Switches bear Armand's Patent Self-Fastening Switch in gold letters. These Switches have found great favor, in preference to the old style. We send many to the United States, England, and even Ireland. We have these Patent Switches in all prices, in Natural Wavy, Straight and Artificially Wavy.

Appointment For Hair Dressing
Should be made at an early date, previous to the occasion. Ladies and Children's hair carefully trimmed, fringed and shampooed. Hair and Scalp Treatment in all cases of falling out, baldness, or prematurely turning grey. Our new massage and electric hair and scalp treatments are the most beneficial of all other treatments. Our electrical facial massage and steaming treatment for wrinkles, freckles, blackheads, sallowness, etc., cannot be superseded. \$1.00 per treatment, or a course of twelve treatments \$10.00.
Ladies and Gents Manicure Parlors. Telephone, 2498.
J. TRANCLE ARMAND, & CO., 441 YONGE COR. CARLTON, TORONTO.



A dainty new model; low bust; straight front; made in finest English Contille; sold by all leading merchants.

Manicuring and Chiropody

For Ladies and Gentlemen.
Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails treated by an expert chiropodist. **L. A. Slackhouse**, 124 King Street West, opposite Rossin House Toronto. Tel. 1882

CHOICE

Christmas Cards and Calendars
Dainty Boxes of Note Paper and Envelopes in Newest Tints
Xmas Books and Booklets

MISS E. PORTER,

Ladies' Work Depository
STATIONERY DEPARTMENT
47 King Street West
TORONTO

Don't Forget Our Branch—773 YONGE

W. T. PEMBER
Hair Dealer and Scalp Specialist
127-129 and 778 1/2 Yonge Street, Toronto
Phones No. 2275, 3533

PHONE 1275

B. M. & T. JENKINS

THE ANTIQUE SHOP

HEADQUARTERS FOR...

Old Mahogany Furniture,

Old Silver, Sheffield Plate,

Rare China, Bric-a-brac,

Old Arms and Armor,

And Art Objects of Every Description

422-424 YONGE ST. and TORONTO

1 to 15 BUCHANAN ST.

2 Phillips Square, MONTREAL.

London and Birmingham, ENGLAND.

Upper Gallery and new Show-Rooms now open to the public. You are invited.

B. M. & T. JENKINS

The Great Interrogation

By JACK LONDON.

Author of "The Son of the Wolf," etc.

TO say the least, Mrs. Sayther's career in Dawson was meteoric. She arrived in the spring, with dog sleds and French-Canadian voyageurs, blazed gloriously for a brief month, and departed up the river as soon as it was free of ice. Now, womanless Dawson never quite understood this hurried departure, and the local Four Hundred felt aggrieved and lonely till the Nome strike was made and old sensations gave way to new.

The mining engineers revered the memory of her husband, the late Col. Sayther, while the syndicate and promoter representatives spoke awesomely of his deals and manipulations; for he was known down in the States as a great mining man, and as even a greater one in London. Why his widow, of all women, should have come into the country, was the great interrogation. But they were a practical breed, the men of the Northland, with a wholesome disregard for theories and a firm grip on facts. And to not a few of them Mrs. Sayther was a most essential fact. That she did not regard the matter in this light, is evidenced by the neatness and celerity with which refusal and proposal tallied off during her four weeks' stay. And with her vanished the fact, and only the interrogation remained.

To the solution, Chance vouchsafed one clue. Her last victim, Jack Coughran, having fruitlessly laid at her feet both his heart and a five-hundred-foot creek claim on Bonanza, celebrated the misfortune by walking all of a night with the gods. In the midnight of this night he happened to rub shoulders with Pierre Fontaine, none other than the head man of Karen Sayther's voyageurs. This rubbing of shoulders led to recognition and drinks, and ultimately involved both men in one common muddle of inebriety.

"Heh!" Pierre Fontaine later on gurgled thickly. "Vot for Madame Sayther make visitation to thees country? More better you spit wit her. I know no ting 'tall, only all de tam her ask one man's name. 'Pierre,' her spit wit me; 'Pierre, you moos' find thees mans, and I gif you moosch—one thousand dollar you find thees mans. Thees mans' Ah, out. Thees mans' name—vot you call—Daved Payne. Out, m'sieu. Daved Payne. All de tam her spit das moosch. And all de tam I look rount vaire moosch, work lak hell, but no one can find das dam mans, and no get one thousand dollar 'tall. By dam!"

"Heh? Ah, out. One tam dose men vot come from Circle City, dose men know thees mans. Him Birch Creek, dey spit. And Madame? Hey say 'Bon' and look happy lak anything. And her spit wit me. 'Pierre,' her spit, 'harness de dogs. We go quoke. We find thees mans I gif you one thousand dollar more. And I say, 'Oul, quoke! Allons, Madame!' "

"For sure, I think das two thousand dollar mine. Bully boy! Den more mens come from Circle City, and dey say no, das thees mans, Daved Payne, come Dawson feel tam back. So Madame and I go not 'tall."

"Oul, m'sieu. Thees day Madame spit. 'Pierre,' her spit, and gif me five hundred dollar, 'go buy poling-boat. To-morrow we go up de river. Ah, out, to-morrow up de river, and das dam Sitka Charley mak me pay for de poling-boat five hundred dollar. Dam!"

Thus it was, when Jack Coughran unbundled himself next day, that Dawson fell to wondering who was this David Payne, and in what way his existence bore upon Karen Sayther's. But that very day, as Pierre Fontaine had said, Mrs. Sayther and her barbaric crew of voyageurs towed up the east bank to Klondike City, shot across to the west bank to escape the bluffs, and disappeared amid the maze of islands to the south.

II.

"Oul, Madame, thees is de place. One, two, three island below Stuart River. Thees is Pierre Fontaine."

As he spoke, Pierre Fontaine drove his pole against the bank and held the stern of the boat against the current. This thrust the bow in, till a nimble breed climbed ashore with the painter and made fast.

"One feel tam, Madame. I go look see."

A chorus of dogs marked his disappearance over the edge of the bank, but a minute later he was back again.

"Oul, Madame, thees is de cabin. I mak investigation. No can find mans at home. But him no go vaire far, vaire long, or him no leave dogs. Him come quoke, you bet!"

"Help me out, Pierre. I'm tired all over from the boat. You might have made it softer, you know."

From a nest of furs amidships, Karen Sayther rose to her full height of slender fairness. But if she looked lily-fair in her elemental environment, she was belied by the grip she put upon Pierre's hand, by the knotting of her woman's biceps as it took the weight of her body, by the splendid effort of her limbs as they held her out from the perpendicular bank while she made the ascent. Though shapely flesh clothed delicate bones, her body was a seat of strength.

Still, for all the carefree ease with which she had made the landing, there was a warmer color than usual to her face, and a perceptibly extra beat to her heart. But then, also, it was with a certain reverent curiosity that she approached the cabin, while the flush on her cheek showed a yet riper mellowness.

"Look, see!" Pierre pointed to the scattered chips by the woodpile. "Him fresh—two, free day, no more."

Mrs. Sayther nodded. She tried to peer through the small window, but

But she shrugged her shoulders and peered through the dim light at the Indian girl, who had lighted the fire and was frying great chunks of moose meat, alternating with thin ribbons of bacon.

"Did you stop in Dawson long?" The man was whittling a stave of birchwood into a rude axe-handle, and asked the question without raising his head.

"Oh, a few days," she answered, following the girl with her eyes, and hardly hearing. "What were you saying? In Dawson? A month, in fact, and glad to get away. The arctic male is elemental, you know, and somewhat strenuous in his feelings."

"Bound to be when he gets right down to the soil. He leaves convention with the spring bed at home. But you were wise in your choice of time for leaving. You'll be out of the country before mosquito season, which is a blessing your lack of experience will not permit you to appreciate."

"I suppose not. But tell me about yourself, about your life. What kind of neighbors have you? Or have you any?"

While she queried she watched the girl grating coffee in the corner of a four-grack upon the hearthstone. With a steadiness and skill which predicted nerves as primitive as the method, she crushed the imprisoned berries with a heavy fragment of quartz. David Payne noted his visitor's gaze, and the shadow of a smile drifted over his lips.

"I did have some," he replied. "Missourian chaps, and a couple of Cornishmen, but they went down to Eldorado to work at wages for a grub-stake."

Mrs. Sayther cast a look of speculative regard upon the girl. "But of course there are plenty of Indians about?"

"Every mother's son of them down to Dawson long ago. Not a native in the whole country, barring Winape, here, and she's a Koyukuk lass—comes from a thousand miles or so down the river."

Mrs. Sayther felt suddenly faint, and though the smile of interest in no wise waned, the face of the man seemed to draw away to a telescopic distance, and the tiered logs of the cabin to whirl drunkenly about. But she was bidden draw up to the table, and during the meal discovered a time and space in which to find herself. She talked little, and that principally about the land and weather, while the man wandered off into a long description of the difference between the shallow summer diggings of the Lower Country and the deep winter diggings of the Upper Country.

"You do not ask why I came north?" she asked. "Surely you know." They had moved back from the table, and David Payne had returned to his axe-handle. "Did you get my letter?"

"A last one? No, I don't think so. Most probably it's trailing around the Birch Creek Country or lying in some trader's shack on the Lower River. The way they run the mails in here is shameful. No order, no system, no—"

"Don't be wooden, Dave. Help me." She spoke sharply now, with an assumption of authority which rested upon the past. "Why don't you ask me about myself? About those we knew in the old times? Have you no longer any interest in the world? Do you know that my husband is dead?"

"Indeed, I am sorry. How long—"

"David!" She was ready to cry with vexation, but the reproach she threw into her voice eased her.

"Did you get any of my letters? You must have got some of them, though you never answered."

"Well, I didn't get the last one, announcing, evidently, the death of your husband, and most likely others went astray; but I did get some. I—read them aloud to Winape as a warning—that is, you know, to impress upon her the wickedness of her white sisters. And I—er—think she profited by it. Don't you?"

She disregarded the sting, and went on. "In the last letter, which you did not receive, I told, as you have guessed, of Colonel Sayther's death. That was a year ago. I also said if you did not come out to me, I would go in to you. And as I had often promised, I came."

"I know of no promise."

"In the earlier letters?"

"Yes, you promised, but as I neither asked nor answered, it was unratified. So I do not know of any such promise. But I do know of another, which—"

The Doctor Laughed

But the Woman was Frightened

A physician of Columbus, Ga., rather poked fun at a lady patient who insisted she had heart disease.

The trouble really was caused by injuries from the effects of coffee drinking, and the nerves were so affected that it gave her every indication of heart disease. This is true of thousands of people who are badly hurt by the caffeine of coffee, and it is understood that if continued long enough, real organic heart disease will set in.

The lady referred to above is Mrs. C. V. Irvin, 1010 B street, East Highland, Columbus, Ga. She says: "I had been running down in health for a number of years, and suspected that coffee was hurting me, but could not get my consent to quit it. My heart troubled me so that I was very short of breath, and could do little or nothing that required exertion. I had fearful nervous headaches nearly every day, and was exceedingly nervous with indigestion and badly constipated. The doctor laughed at my idea of heart trouble, but knew that I was in a serious condition generally. Finally, I was induced to quit coffee and take up Postum Food Coffee. This was about four months ago, and the change has been wonderful. I feel like another person. My heart does not trouble me at all, and the stomach and nerves are decidedly improved. My head does not give me the old trouble it did, while the bowels are regular without any purgatives or medicine of any kind."

"I can hardly express my gratification for the relief from suffering brought on by the use of regular coffee, and I cannot thank Postum enough."

you, too, may remember. It was very long ago." He dropped the axe-handle to the floor and raised his head. "It was so very long ago, yet I remember it distinctly, the day, the time, every detail. We were in a rose garden, you and I, your mother's rose garden. All things were budding blossoming, and the sap of spring was in our blood. And I drew you over—it was the first and kissed you full on the lips. Don't you remember?"

"Don't go over it, Dave, don't!"

"You promised me then—say, and, a thousand times in the sweet days that followed. Each look of your eyes, each touch of your hand, each syllable that fell from your lips, was a promise, and every caress was a winged token of your word. And then—how shall I say?—there came a man. He was old—old enough to have begotten you—and not nice to look upon, but as the world goes, clean. He had done no wrong, followed the letter of the law, was respectable. Further, and to the point, he possessed some several paltry mimes—a score, it does not matter; and he owned a few miles of lands, and engineered deals, and clipped coupons. He—"

"But there were other things," she interrupted. "I told you. Pressure—money matters—want—my people—trouble. You understood the whole sordid situation. I could not help it. It was not my will. I was sacrificed, or I sacrificed, have it as you wish."

"It was not your will? Pressure? Under high heaven there's no thing to will you to this man's bed or that."

"But he is dead. It is we who are now—now! Don't you hear? As you say, I have been inconstant, I have sinned. Good. But should not you, too, cry peccavi? If I have broken promises, have not you? Your love of the rose garden was of all time, or so you said. Where is it now?"

"It is here now," he cried, striking his breast passionately with clenched hand. "It has always been."

"And your love was a great love; there was none greater," she continued, pressing home the point; "or so you said in the rose garden. Yet it is not fine enough, large enough, to forgive me here, crying now at your feet?"

The man hesitated. His mouth opened; words vainly shaped on his lips. From inquisitor he had gone up on the rack. She had broken the first line of his defense, thrown him off his guard, forced him to bare his heart and speak truths which he had hidden from himself. And she was going to look upon, standing here in a glory of passion, calling back old associations and warmer life. He turned away his head that he might not see, but she passed around and fronted him.

"Look at me, Dave. Look at me. I am the same, after all. And so are you, if you would but see. We are not changed."

Her hand rested appealingly on his shoulder, and his half-passed, roughly, about her, when the sharp crackle of an igniting match startled him to himself. Winape, alien to the scene, was lighting the slow wick of the slush lamp. She appeared to start up against a background of utter black, and the flame, flaring suddenly up, lighted her bronze beauty to royal gold.

"You see, it is impossible," he groaned, thrusting the fair-haired woman gently from him. "It is impossible," he repeated. "It is impossible."

"I am not a girl, Dave, with a girl's illusions," she said, softly, though not daring to come back to him. "It is as a woman that I understand. Men are men. A common custom of the country. I am not shocked. I divined it from the first. But—ah!—it is only a marriage of the country—not a real marriage."

"We do not ask such questions in Alaska," he interposed, feebly.

"I know, but—"

"Well, then, it is only a marriage of the country, nothing else."

"And there are no children?"

"No."

"Nor—"

"No, no; nothing—but it is impossible."

"But it is not." She was at his side again, her hand touching lightly, caressingly, the sun-burned back of his. "I know the custom of the land too well. Men do it every day. They do not care to remain here, shut out from the world, for all their days; so they give an order on the P. C. C. Company for a year's provisions, some money in hand, and the girl is content. By the end of that time, a man—"

She shrugged her shoulders expressively. "And so with the girl here. We will give her an order upon the company, not for a year, but for life. What was she when you found her? A raw, meat-eating savage; fish in summer, moose in winter, feasting in plenty, starving in famine. But for you that is what she would have remained. For your coming, she was happier; for your going, surely, with a life of comparative splendor assured, she will be happier than if you had never been."

"No, no," he protested, though the argument was telling. "It is not right."

"Come, Dave, you must see. She is not your kind. There is no race affinity. She is an aborigine, sprung from the soil, yet close to the soil, and impossible to lift from the soil. Born savage, she will die. But we—you and I—the dominant, evolved race—the salt of the earth and the masters thereof! We are made for each other. The supreme call is of kind, and we are of kind. Reason and feeling dictate it. Your very instinct demands it. That you cannot deny. You cannot escape the generations behind you. Yours is an ancestry which has survived for a thousand centuries, and four hundred thousand centuries, and your line must not stop here. It cannot. Your ancestry will not permit it. Instinct is stronger than the will. The race is mightier than you. Come, Dave, let us go. We are young yet, and life is good. Come."

Winape, passing out of the cabin to feed the dogs, caught his attention and caused him to shake his head and weakly to reiterate that it was not right. But the woman's hand slipped about his neck, and her cheek pressed to

his. He could not resist. His bleak life rose up and smote him—the vain struggle with pitiless forces; the dreary years of frost and famine; the harsh and farring contact with elemental life; the aching void which mere animal existence could not fill. And there, seduced by his side, whispering of brighter, warmer lands, of music, light and joy, called the old times back again. He visioned it unconsciously. Faces rushed in upon him; glimpses of forgotten scenes, memories of merry hours, strains of song and trills of laughter—

"Come, Dave, come. I have for both. The way is soft." She looked about her at the bare furnishings of the cabin. "I have for both. The world is at our feet, and all joy is ours. Come, come!"

She was in his arms, trembling, and he held her tightly. He rose to his feet. . . . But the snarling of hungry dogs, and the shrill cries of Winape bringing about peace between the combatants, came muffled to his ear through the heavy logs. And another scene flashed before him. A struggle in the forest—a bald-face grizzly, broken-legged, terrible—the snarling of the dogs and the shrill cries of Winape as she urged them to the attack—himself in the midst of the crush, breathless, panting, striving to hold off red death—broken-backed, entrail-ripped dogs howling in impotent anguish and desecrating the snow—the virgin white running scarlet with the blood of man and beast—the bear, ferocious, irresistible, crunching, down to the core of his life—and Winape, at the last, in the thick of the frightful muddle, hair flying, eyes flashing, fury incarnate, passing the long hunting knife again and again—

A sweet started to seize him. He shook vertigo seemed to seize him. He shook the clinging woman and staggered back to the wall. And she, knowing that the moment had come, but unable to divine what was passing within him, felt all she had gained slipping away. She was frightened.

"Dave! Dave!" she cried. "I will not give you up! If you do not wish to come, we will stay. I will stay with you. The world is less to me than are you. I will be a Northland wife to you. I will cook your food, feed your dogs, break trail for you, lift a paddle with you. I can do it. Believe me, I am strong."

"No! I doubt it, looking upon her and holding her off from him; but his face had grown stern and gray, and the warmth had died out of his eyes. "I will pay off Pierre and the boatmen, and let them go. And I will stay with you, no minister; go with you, now, anywhere! Dave! Dave! Listen to me! You say I did you wrong in the past—and I did—let me make up for it, let me atone. If I did not rightly measure love before, let me show that I can now."

She sank to the floor and threw her arms about his knees, sobbing. "And you do care for me. You do care for me. Think! The long years I have waited, suffered! You can never know!"

He stooped and raised her to her feet. He was afraid to look upon her, and knew he must act quickly if at all.

"Listen," he commanded, opening the door and lifting her bodily outside. "It cannot be. We are not alone to be considered. You must go. I wish you a safe journey. You will find it tougher work when you get up by the Sixty Mile, but you have the best boatmen in the world, and will get through all right. Will you say good-by?"

Though she already had herself in hand, she looked at him hopelessly. "If—if—" She quavered and stopped. But he grasped the unspoken thought, and answered, "Yes." Then struck with the enormity of it, he hastened to add, "It cannot be conceived. There is no likelihood. It must not be entertained."

"Kiss me," she whispered, her face lighting. Then she turned and went away.

"Break camp, Pierre," she said to the boatman, who alone had remained awake against her return. "We must be going."

By the firelight his sharp eyes scanned the woe in her face, but he received the extraordinary command as though it were the most usual thing in the world. "Oul, Madame," he assented. "Which way? Dawson?"

"No," she answered, lightly enough; "up; out; Dyea."

Whereat he fell upon the sleeping voyageurs, kicking them, grunting, from their blankets, and buckling them down to the work, the while his voice, vibrant with action, shrilling through all the camp. In a trice Mrs. Sayther's tiny tent had been struck, pots and pans were being gathered up, blankets rolled, and the men staggering under the loads to the boat. Here, on the banks, Mrs. Sayther waited till the luggage was made shipshape and her nest prepared.

"We line up to de head of de island," Pierre explained to her while running out the long tow rope. "Den we tak to das back channel, where de water not quoke, and I tink we mak good tam."

A scuffling and pattering of feet in the last year's dry grass caught his quick ear, and he turned his head. The Indian girl, circled by a bristling ring of wolf dogs, was coming toward them. Mrs. Sayther noted that the girl's face, which had been apathetic throughout the scene in the cabin, had now quickened into blazing and wrathful life.

"What you do my man?" she demanded abruptly of Mrs. Sayther. "Him lay on bunk, and him look bad all the time. I say, 'What the matter, Dave? You sick?' But him no say nothing. After that him say, 'Good girl Winape, go way. I be all right bimeby.' What you do my man, eh? I think you bad woman."

Mrs. Sayther looked curiously at the



Successful Dentistry.

And now, if cold weather brings toothache, we can fill the distressing cavities painlessly and restore the old roots with beautiful gold or porcelain crowns. If you prefer to have them out, remember our reputation for pure, fresh gas and skillful extracting. In short, if there is anything wrong inside your mouth you will do well to come to us for assistance.

Painless Extraction, .25

Silver Fillings, .50 up

Gold Fillings, .100 up

NEW YORK REAL ESTATE
COR. YONGE AND ADELAIDE STS.,
ESTABLISHED 1887. DR. C. E. KNIGHT, Prop. TORONTO

FOUNDATION WORK

We most credit the success of our students to the thorough foundation work that we give them in all subjects taught in this college.

Typewriting, penmanship, business law and advertising.

British American Business College

Y. M. C. A. Building

Cor. Yonge & McGill Sts., Toronto.

DAVID HOSKINS, Chartered Accountant, Principal.



Madame La Belle

(PREMIER)

The Great European Complexion Specialist, at 113 KING ST. W. EST. Removes Superfluous Hair without pain; no scars left; hair will not return. Wrinkles and Lines removed.

Scalp Treatment; hair grown luxuriantly. Her famous "Freckle Cure" used from now until spring will cure Freckles—they'll never return. Free on call to be healthy and beautiful. Call or write. Class open for students. Tel. 8077. Manicuring and Chiro-pody. Improving Toe Nails Removed Painlessly.

EUGENE FIELD'S POEMS A \$7.00 BOOK

The Book of the century. Handsomely illustrated by 32 of the World's Greatest Artists.

"Field Flowers" (cloth bound, 8 x 11), as a certificate of subscription to fund. Book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works by 32 of the World's Greatest Artists.

But for the noble contribution of the world's great artists this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.00. The fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood. Address—

Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund
180 Monroe Street, Chicago

(Also at Book Stores. If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10c-stamp.)

Mention this Journal, as Adv. is inserted as our Contribution.

Established 1856

Head Offices—38 King Street East

Telephone 131

P. BURNS & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Coal and Wood

MERCHANTS

TORONTO, CAN.

BRANCH OFFICES:

Front Street, near Bathurst. Telephone 132

Princes Street Dock. "190

372 Queen Street West. "139

4294 Yonge Street. "829

304 Queen Street East. "131

For Comfort, Durability and Health Preservation

Jaeger UNDERWEAR
PURE WOOL
Send for Catalogue
CENTRAL CANADIAN DEPT
85 KING ST. W. TORONTO.

barbarian woman who shared the life of this man, while she, better fitted to share it, departed alone in the darkness of night.

"I think you had woman," Winape repeated, in the slow, methodical way of one who gropes for strange words in an alien tongue. "I think better you go way, no come no more. Eh? What you think? I have one man. I Indian girl. You 'Merican woman. You good to see. You find plenty men. Your eyes blue like the sky. Your skin so white, so soft."

Coolly, she thrust out a brown forefinger and pressed the soft cheek of the other woman. And to the eternal credit of Karen Sayther, she never flinched. Pierre hesitated, and half stopped forward; but she motioned him away, though her heart welled to him with secret gratitude. "It's all right, Pierre," she said. "Please go away."

He stepped back respectfully out of earshot, where he stood grumbling to himself and measuring the distance in springs.

"Um white, um soft, like baby."

Winape touched the other cheek and

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets

as remedy that cures a cold in one day



I Recommend
Baby's Own Soap

to all mothers who want their babies to have pink, clean, clear, and healthy skin.

Made of the finest materials. No soap, wherever made, is better.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL
MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED ALBERT TOILET SOAPS

Valuable Documents

Such as wills, legal and insurance papers should be placed in a positively secure and convenient place. Our safe deposit vaults are positively fire proof and burglar proof. Private boxes to rent (for any length of time) at a small sum. Inspection invited.

The Trusts & Guarantee Co., Limited.
CAPITAL, \$2,000,000.
14 King Street West, Toronto.
Office and Safe Deposit Vaults.
President—HON. J. R. STRATTON.
T. P. COFFEY, Manager.

A. E. AMES & CO.

BANKERS AND BROKERS
18 and 20 King Street East, Toronto
Buy and Sell Investment Securities on Commission at all principal Stock Exchanges.
Receive deposits; allow interest on deposits and credit balances; draw bills of exchange transact a General Financial Business.
A. E. AMES (Members Toronto Stock Exchange).
E. D. FRASER

OPERA CLOAKS

We are a success at cleaning most costly and elegant opera cloaks. Some of the finest garments made go through our hands.

R. PARKER & CO.
Byers and Cleaners, Toronto.
Head office and works: 787-791 Yonge St.
Branches—471 Queen St. West, 201 Yonge St., 1257 Queen St. West, 50 King St. West.
Phones—3037, 3640, 2143, 1001, 3698.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of
W. D. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.


CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLON SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

Price 25 Cents. *Purely Vegetable.*

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

The Duchess

The newest style in evening slippers. Very handsome in Patent Leather or Vel Kid, with large buckle. Call and see them.



H. & C. BLANCHFORD, 114 Yonge St.

withdrew her hand. "Bimeby mosquito to come. Skin get sore in spot; um swell, oh, so big; um hurt, oh, so much. Plenty mosquito; plenty spot. I think better you go now before mosquito come. This way," pointing down stream, "you go St. Michaels; that way," pointing up, "you go Dyea. Better you go Dyea. Good-by."

And that which Mrs. Sayther then did, caused Pierre to marvel greatly. For she threw her arms around the Indian girl, kissed her and burst into tears.

"Be good to him," she cried. "Be good to him."

Then she slipped half down the face of the bank, called back "Good-by," and dropped into the boat amidstships. Pierre followed her and cast off. He shoved the steering oar into place and gave the signal. Le Goire lifted an old French chanson; the men, like a row of ghosts in the dim starlight, bent their backs to the tow line; the steering oar cut the black current sharply, and the boat swept out into the night—"Ainslee's Magazine," Christmas number.

Curious Bits of News.

The little republic, San Marino, has an industry of its own. It creates dukes, counts and other noble personages for good hard cash, with which it meets expenses. In August last it successfully perfected contracts for several duke and count titles which netted the handsome sum of \$150,000.

Matrons of infant asylums, according to "The Nursery," say that a young infant will be cross all day if dressed in a gray frock, but contented and happy if dressed in a bright, red frock. Children from two to four are much less affected by the color of their dress. It is commonly observed in kindergartens that the younger children prefer the red playthings, while the older children prefer the blue.

Electricity is conquering the world with greater rapidity than did its mighty predecessor in mechanical achievement, steam. The gradual opening of the trans-Siberian railroad has led to the introduction of electric light and electric machinery into the towns of Siberia. Recently the municipality of Vladivostok decided that electric trolleys were indispensable to the comfort and convenience of the inhabitants of that remote city, and it was resolved to build at once about twenty miles of electric tramways and to light the town with electricity, besides introducing other modern conveniences.

"I have lost over two hundred monkeys this year," said one of the largest animal importers in London the other day, "and every one of them died of consumption. You thought that consumption was a disease confined to mankind, I expect, but it wasn't. Numbers of animals suffer from it, especially monkeys, deer and antelope. Pneumonia is the thing that carries off most of the tigers that are brought to this country, and very few of the poor brutes can stand our climate for long. Camels are subject to most of the chest complaints, and often suffer with asthma."

In ancient Egypt there was no marriage ceremony, so far as archeologists have been able to discover, but there was a contract which secured to the wife certain rights, one of which was that of complete control over her husband, who promised to yield her implicit obedience. Women, both married and unmarried, according to "Hilbilia," participated with the men in all the pleasures of social intercourse. They took part in the public festivals, shared in banquets, drove out in their chariots, and made pleasure excursions on the Nile.

China contains some of the richest coal deposits in the world. Last fall Professor Drake of Tientsin visited the coal-fields in the Province of Shansi, where were examined by Baron von Richthofen in 1870, and found that they are of immense extent. The coal here is said to be greater than that of Pennsylvania, and the anthracite coal alone contained in these fields has been estimated at 630,000,000 tons. The Shansi coal-beds are so thick and lie so uniformly in a horizontal position that the practicability has been suggested of running long lines of railroad tunnels through the beds so that the cars can be loaded in the mines all ready for distant transportation.

Of Interest to Women.

Official sanction has been given to an opinion always held by women that tears are a legitimate argument. A ruling made recently by the judge of the Appellate Court in Tennessee refused to set aside a conviction on the ground that the jury had been improperly influenced by the tears of the prosecuting attorney. On the contrary, the court went so far as to declare that "if counsel has tears at command it may be seriously questioned whether it is not his professional duty to shed them whenever proper occasion arises."

Are Vera Gay Taiglesome.

The train had been waiting half an hour at a certain station, and there was no appearance of its starting, when an old Scotch gentleman remarked: "They're a gay taiglesome lot here." "I beg your pardon," said the lady opposite him. "I'm saying they're an awful daidlin' squad here." "I really beg your pardon, sir," she rejoined. "I'm remarkin' they're a vera dreich lot here the night," the old gentleman further ventured. "Really, I must again beg your pardon," said the lady, with marked embarrassment; "but I do not comprehend you." "I was just tryin' to say the train was late," he finally blurted out. "Indeed, sir, it is very late," agreed the lady. Then she sighed with relief, and the old gentleman tried to read his newspaper upside down.

His Idea



Benevolent Old Man—Now, I hope you won't spend this dime for horrible liquor. Beggar—No, sir; I'll ask for the best he's got.

On the Reading of Papers.

IN these days, not to know what, after all, may not have happened, is to argue one's self unknowable.

Men read the papers for two reasons: To find out what is happening to-day, and to find out that what took place yesterday was different from what they had been led to suppose. Papers are divided also into two classes: Those that do not tell the truth, and those that aim to tell the truth and fail.

The papers that do not tell the truth are those that have the largest circulations, and from this standpoint are the better.

To be blunt, men do not want to know the truth, and never have. The first man to recognize this fact would have made a good editor.

There is no excitement or interest in the plain, unvarnished truth. It is a grim, straight, bare edifice. We want minarets, cupolas, filigrees.

Suppose, for example, after that little affair in the Garden of Eden, the morning paper had come out with this plain statement:

ADAM EATS AN APPLE.

Eden, Sept. 1st, B.C. 5825.—This afternoon, at precisely 4.32, Adam began eating an apple presented to him by a woman named Eve. He finished at 4.34-2.

There is nothing in this simple statement of fact to excite the slightest interest. The idea isn't worth the space.

But suppose, seeing the possibility in the incident, the city editor had sent out his best man—that is, his biggest liar—to write it up. We should then have approximately this result:

Tempted, He Fell!!

ADAM YIELDS AT LAST.

Walking in the Garden, He Is Lured to His Fate.

THE FATAL APPLE!

From Our Special Correspondent.

Eden, Sept. 1st, B.C. 5825.—This morning I got up as usual at 4 a.m., and followed Adam around the park circle, past the swan boats and up to the orchard. I had a suspicion that he might fall any moment. Suddenly a bold-looking woman, with bleached hair, who was dressed as if she had just come from the opera, appeared on the scene, and my custom-made friend began to make up to her at once.

I recognized her immediately as a

snake charmer from the Bowery, and she called herself "Little Eve," and tried to make me think she had been starting in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but she wasn't old enough for that. She had the snake with her, and when she began to make him do tricks, I knew Adam was a goner. Pretty soon she reached up, in her deep-laid, careless manner, took a big, red apple, with a yellow label, and, in spite of the "no trespass" sign, bit a piece out of it, and, handing the rest over to Adam, cried "Philopena!" Not willing to take a bluff like that, Adam yielded, and—etc., etc.

The truth is something that everybody talks about, and nobody wants.

—N. Y. "Life."

What is Lloyd's.

TO the casual reader of mishaps of the sea, unless he happens to know much about ships and mercantile affairs connected with shipping, Lloyd's is a mystery. For the information of the uninitiated, Lloyd's may be described as a corporation concerned chiefly in marine insurance, and, incidentally, in any other sort of insurance. It is also a colossal agency for the collection of marine intelligence. In every port near to and remote from civilization, Lloyd's has a representative whose business is to ascertain and immediately cable to the London office of the great corporation any misadventure affecting any ship of any nationality.

In 1688, Edward Lloyd, a London coffee house proprietor, about whose personality little is known, opened a resort for sea captains and ship owners in Tower street. His advertisements in the "London Gazette" indicate that his place was patronized largely by men of the sea. Rewards were offered by him for information about, or for the apprehension of, runaway servants of skippers and sailors who had deserted their ships. On account of increased business, Mr. Lloyd opened a larger place in 1692, in Lombard street, then the commercial centre of London. The fame of his house and its patrons spread over London town, and nearly every ship captain from the farthest corners of the world and from nearby waters went there to swap stories of adventure and tell the news going on outside the "tight little island." In 1696 the number that flocked to the coffee house had become so large that Mr. Lloyd decided to put into print all the gossip, except that of a political nature, that was brought to his place by voyagers from everywhere. Thus he established the first real newspaper

Merit Always Tells

To this virtue we attribute our success.

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA

Has won its way into the hearts of the people because they appreciate a good thing.

Lead Packets

25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c.

ever published in English, or, maybe, in any other language. He called this paper "Lloyd's News" and it was issued three times a week. Soon the touchy government took offence at an item of news in Mr. Lloyd's paper and demanded an apology "in his next." Mr. Lloyd replied that "he would print no more at present." That ended "Lloyd's News."

Lloyd's coffee house was the scene of many raffles and sales. The prizes of many men-of-war and privateers were disposed of by auction at Lloyd's. It became a habit of the speculative patrons of the old coffee house to subscribe—or underwrite—their names to documents insuring ships and cargoes, each subscriber appending to his name the amount of money he was willing to risk. These men were the first "underwriters." In the event of the arrival of the ship the underwriters received a certain percentage on the money they had put up to save the owners of the ship and her cargo against loss through mishap of the sea.

The old coffee house of the original Lloyd's was not big enough for the growing business of marine insurance in 1770, and the brokers and underwriters left it and went to temporary meeting places elsewhere. In the

Never Too Late

To Try a Good Thing.

I am fifty-two years old and for forty years of that time I have been a chronic catarrh sufferer says Mr. James Gleshing of Allegheny City, with every change of weather my head and throat would be stuffed up with catarrhal mucus.

I could not breathe naturally through the nostrils for months together and much of the time I suffered from catarrh of the stomach. Finally my hearing began to fail and I realized something must be done.

I tried inhalers and sprays and salves which gave me temporary relief and my physician advised me to spray or douche with Peroxide of Hydrogen. But the catarrh would speedily return in a few days and I became thoroughly discouraged.

I had always been prejudiced against patent medicines, but as everything else had failed I felt justified in at least making a trial.

Our good old family physician, Dr. Ramsdell, laughed at me a little, but said if I was determined to try patent medicines he would advise me to begin with Stuart's Catarrh Tablets because he knew what they contained and he had heard of several remarkable cures resulting from their use, furthermore that they were perfectly safe, containing no cocaine or opiates.

The next day I bought a fifty cent box at a drug store, carried it in my pocket and four or five times a day I would take a tablet; in less than a week I felt a marked improvement which continued until at this time I am entirely free from any trace of catarrh.

My head is clear, my throat free from irritation, my hearing is as good as it ever was and I feel that I cannot say enough in praise of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets.

These tablets contain extract of Eucalyptus bark, Gualacal, blood root and other valuable antiseptics combined in pleasant tablet form, and it is safe to say that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are far superior in convenience, safety and effectiveness to the antiquated treatment by inhalers, sprays and douches. They are sold by druggists everywhere in the United States and Canada.

early part of 1772 it was decided to remove to new rooms over the north-west side of the Royal Exchange. By the burning of the Royal Exchange in 1838 Lloyd's lost many valuable memorials of its progress. When the present Royal Exchange was built Lloyd's was installed there—"Ainslee's."

DID YOU
ever notice that all leading druggists sell
COKE
Dandruff Cure?

Maybe your barber has recommended it to you—or your friend told you what it did for him; he got enthusiastic over the telling of it—didn't he? And no wonder; people get fooled so often now-a-days, that they appreciate a really good article—that's what

COKE Dandruff Cure

is. Better try a bottle to-day—before you have used the bottle the chances are that you will want us to print your testimonial, but we won't. At all leading druggists, or sent to any address on receipt of price, \$1.00. Accept no imitations.

A. R. BREMER CO., Limited
Toronto, Canada
New York Chicago Paris London

TENDERS FOR SUPPLIES.

The undersigned will receive tenders up to noon on TUESDAY, 11th DECEMBER PROX., for supplies of butchers' meat, creamery butter, flour, oatmeal, potatoes, cordwood, etc., for the following institutions during the year 1901, viz.: At the Asylums for the Insane, Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, Mimico, Brockville and Oshawa; the Central Prison and Reformatory, Toronto; the Reformatory for Boys, Penitentiary, the Institutions for Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, and the Blind at Brantford. Exception—Tenders are not required for the supply of meat to the asylums in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton and Mimico, nor for the Central Prison and Reformatory, Toronto. A marked cheque for 10 per cent. of the estimated amount of the contract, payable to the order of the Honorable the Provincial Secretary, must be furnished by each tenderer as a guarantee of his bona fides. Two sufficient copies will be required for the due fulfillment of each contract, and should any tender be withdrawn before the contract is awarded, or should the tenderer fail to furnish such security, the amount of the deposit will be forfeited. Specifications and forms of tender may be had on application to the Department of the Provincial Secretary, Toronto, or to the Bursars of the respective institutions. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. New papers inserting his advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it. J. R. STRATTON, Provincial Secretary, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Nov. 10th, 1900.

BOVRIL

The most perfect form of concentrated nourishment.

A cup of BOVRIL will prove most efficacious in preventing or counteracting Colds and Chills.

A Bovril Sandwich

or Bovril spread on toast makes a perfect meal by the way.

For Luncheon or Supper, for all the odd meals that children require, BOVRIL is handy, delicious and strengthening.



CUT THIS OUT Saturday Night's Christmas.

...ORDER...

Please send the undersigned a copy of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS, for which I enclose the price, 50 cents.

(Signed)

(Address)

TO PRESERVE YOUR HAIR

Nourish, strengthen, restore it, prevent Scurf and Grayness, and provide the natural stimulus necessary for nourishing the roots, nothing can do this

Rowland's Macassar Oil

It is unsurpassed for Children's Hair, as it forms the basis of a luxuriant growth. GOLDEN MACASSAR OIL for fair or gray hair does not stain or darken the hair or linen. Sold by stores, chemists, hairdressers and

A ROWLAND & SONS, 67 Hatton Garden, London

Wholesale Agents—LYMAN BROS. & CO. Toronto and Montreal

One reason why Carling's ale is always good is that every bottle is put up directly under the supervision of the brewery. Our label is a guarantee of quality.

CARLING-LONDON.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE: Business Office, No. 1709; Editorial Rooms, No. 1709

Subscriptions for Canada and United States addresses will be received on the following terms:

One Year, \$2.00
Six Months, \$1.00
Three Months, .50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra. Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

VOL. 14.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 1, 1900.

NO. 3.



THE DRAMA.



JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS is, without question, the greatest fun-maker in comic opera on this continent. He is, of course, but an indifferent singer, but as an actor he is refreshingly spontaneous, and the vivacity of his every word and movement holds the attention of his audiences through passages that would ordinarily be inane and tedious. De Angelis is, beyond any of his contemporaries, a master of "business." He does everything in the funniest way possible. His dancing is sprightly. His mirth is infectious and irresistible. For the making of fun he calls into action every feature and limb; his very fingers do duty in provoking a laugh. And he has this year in A Royal Rogue a vehicle a good deal in advance of The Jolly Musketeer in which he made his first tour as a star. The situation is a ludicrous one. As keeper of a Parisian cafe, he allows himself to be known in certain quarters as the Duc de Chartres in disguise—his motive in this subterfuge being a hope of extricating himself from financial difficulties by bringing about a marriage between his daughter and the son of the wealthy and aristocratic widow of one General Girodet. As it consequently becomes noised abroad that the Duc de Chartres, a claimant to the throne, is in Paris, the Chateau Rouge Society resolves upon his detection and assassination, and at a meeting of the society the cafe keeper draws the lot of killing the hated royalist when he shall be found. He is thus in reality elected to assassinate himself. The complications growing out of this situation are most ludicrous, and furnish abundant opportunities for the exercise of De Angelis' remarkable gifts as a comedian, as well as giving scope for some rather subtle satire, on the absurdities of the royalists and communists of the French Revolutionary period. Some of the songs are extremely captivating, both in words and music. No better drinking chorus has been heard in recent years than

"Tick-rattle, rattle, pop, pop, pop!"
Pour it out gently and don't lose a drop."

while the song of the Chateau Rouge, "Down, down, down with everything, and up, up, up with the working man!" was exceptionally clever, as were also De Angelis' song contrasting the dangers of an admiral with the comparative safety of a general, and the song of the clerical impostor and his two girls on the enormity of deceiving a parson's daughter. From a musical point of view, however, the opera is dealt with in Cherubino's columns on page 12.

The conduct of Toronto audiences during the singing of the national anthem at the theaters is becoming worse rather than better. There is always a rush for hats, overcoats and cloaks before the curtain has been rung down on the last act, and by the time it is rung up again for God Save the Queen, on the rare occasions when a visiting company does us the courtesy of singing that good old supplication for our venerable sovereign, the whole house is certain to be in hopeless confusion. This sort of thing is not only rude treatment of the stage people, and unpleasant for those in the audience who wish to show respect for the Queen, but it must give a wrong impression of Canadian sentiment to the visiting "American" companies. To be sure, people have had rather a surfeit of patriotic singing, flag-waving, and that kind of thing on and off the stage—often at times when it was entirely out of place. But it would be a small sacrifice of time and no sacrifice of comfort for audiences to remain standing in respectful attention when the national anthem is sung at the conclusion of the play or opera.

Shea's vaudeville theater had a strong list of entertainers this week, headed by Della Fox, and comprising many novel features. The headliner, it must be frankly admitted, is a back number. Her voice is not what it was when she made her hit in Wang, and she does not go out of her way to give her employers their money's worth. Della Fox need not imagine that people turn out simply for the privilege of gazing on the remnants of her beauty and hearing her draw out a couple of chestnut songs in a way that says plainer than words, "My, how tired these jay audiences make me!" They come to hear her sing, even if her voice is deteriorating, and she ought to bestir herself and make some effort to please.

The best things in the show were the dancing of Sills and Young, John D. Gilbert's take-off on comic opera, and his dream story about Niagara Falls, Lefebvre's saxophone solos, Dixon, Bowers and Dixon in the funny dancing and baseball pantomime they gave last year, and the Todd Judge Family, who, one can easily believe, are entitled to their claim as the "world's greatest acrobats."

Ex-prizefighter "Bob" Fitzsimmons, in the play specially written for him, was exhibited at the Toronto this week. The bruiser-blacksmith gave an exhibition of sparring and punching the bag amongst other specialties introduced in the play. The show was well patronized.

"Mr. Punch" entertains no very high opinion of Beer-bohm Tree's new play, Herod. He feels so keenly on the subject that for once he doesn't try to be funny. Its characters, he says, are an Oriental barbaric king, earthly, devilish, sensual in his passion which he flatters himself is love; a selfish, cruel, crafty, unscrupulous tyrant. To preserve his throne from imaginary danger he commands the murder of the brother of his wife, of that wife for whom he exhibits such savage, passionate "love"; and, at the very moment of the youth's being done to death, this monster can embrace the victim's sister with fiendish sensuality, covering her with satyr-like caresses. Terrible to describe. "Horrible, most horrible!" And the more realistic the acting, the more revolting the effect. Herod's mother and sister are fiends in human shape, skilled poisoners, barefaced liars, combining

against the life of the queen for their own political ends; the king's chief minister has the subtlety and the venom of a serpent; his dependants are ready blindly to obey their tyrant's orders, and thus they murder first the brother of the queen, and then the queen herself. Except the brother,

Aristobulus, who has a short life and a merry one, and is well represented by Mr. Norman Sharp, and except Queen Mariamne (Miss Maud Jeffries), there are among the principal dramatic personae "none that doeth good, no not one." And the more force Mr. Tree throws into the part of Herod, the more tiger-like in his rage and satyr-like in his erotic passion he becomes, in fact, the more truthful he is to the actual character he represents, the worse it is for the play. On some persons such terribly realistic acting may exercise a horrible fascination; but these, I imagine, are the exception, not the rule; they are of those who will pay the extra sixpence

to see the Chamber of Horrors.

Patrons of the Princess Theater cannot complain of monotony. The Valentines have been giving a varied bill of fare all season, and, considering the extent of the ground covered, have shown remarkable versatility and resourcefulness. Week before last they gave us Romeo and Juliet; last week The Silver King, and this week Monte Cristo and in all three a good standard has been reached.

The last named is, of course, a tedious and uninteresting play, except where elaborate stage settings, costumes, and mechanical effects combine with good acting. The Valentines made a rather creditable effort in the direction of realistic scenery, and though the effects were not always convincing, the play was enjoyable because, for the most part, it was intelligently acted. Certain changes had to be made in the cast, owing to Mr. Webster's voice having given out. Otherwise the play would doubtless have been even better than it was. For next week the Valentines promise something of a very different class, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's Little Lord Fauntleroy, with charming wee Anne Blanche in the title role. The public will await the production with a keen appetite.

The most prominent of the many sensational effects embodied in the production of Theodora, or Her Last Race, which is to be presented by Clarence M. Brune, Mrs. Brune and Melbourne MacDowell at the Grand Opera House next week, is a four-horse Roman standing race, reputed to be a revelation in realistic stage accomplishments. The race is more than an effect. It is an actual encounter, between two pairs of thoroughbred horses; one team ridden by Mrs. Brune, and the other by an expert equestrian. They stand unsupported over their mounts, with a foot on each horse, moving backward at great speed gives the effect of the horses going forward. The encounter lasts for several moments and always evokes much enthusiasm. Mrs. Brune's rather athletic accomplishment in riding the two horses is attended with considerable danger. Mrs. Brune is almost a new star in the Eastern dramatic firmament, though well known and exceedingly popular on the Pacific coast. Her



MRS. CLARENCE M. BRUNE IN THEODORA.

last appearance in this city was some six years ago, as the leading lady in Wilkinson's Widows. Although but 22 years of age, she has enjoyed a diversified and long experience, having made her debut when but a child of four, in San Francisco.

The patronesses of the Greek play to be given shortly at the Grand Opera House under the auspices of the Women's Residence Association of Toronto University, are Miss Mowat, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. London, Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Harcourt, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. Edward Blake, and Mrs. William Mulock. A book of the play, giving the dialogue in both Greek and English, and connecting description and narrative in English, is now on sale at Tyrrell's book shop and at the Publishers' Syndicate. The English translation is that of Professor Palmer, of Harvard University. It should be borne in mind that it is almost a misnomer to call the production a play at all. It is very largely spectacular, there being a great deal of action to a very little dialogue. It will, therefore, be no difficult matter for those who are unacquainted with Greek to follow the story, particularly with the aid of the little book of words.

Minnie Seligman has not been a success in A Woman's Heart, which she played here at the Grand a couple of months ago. Her company has been disbanded, and Miss Seligman will probably go into vaudeville again.

Olga Nethersole has discontinued her suit against the Washington preacher who attacked her. The preacher apologized.

"Jefferson De Angelis' dancing is like a poem, isn't it?" "How do you make that out?" "It's a mad-wriggle."

Strange to say, a troupe of trained elephants will be the headliners at Shea's Theater next week. The fact that Mr. Shea has made them a feature is proof that they must be good. Sam Lockhart, the owner and trainer, calls them his "three graces." They have been the sensation of every city in which they have appeared. They are very funny

actors, and as lively as kittens on the stage. After performing some particularly good trick, they will turn, 'tis said, and take a side glance at the audience, saying, as plainly as words could put it, "Aren't we it?" They seem to know that they are funny, and enter into the enjoyment with all the zeal of children. They ride bicycles, walk, stand on their heads, and perform other tricks too numerous to mention. It is an act that will delight the children and captivate everyone. Francesca Redding, assisted by Messrs. Allen, Larkin and Morse, will present a one-act play, Her Friend from Texas, by Will H. Cressy. Truly Shattuck, who is known as the Californian nightingale, has never appeared in Toronto. She is said to be one of the most beautiful women on the stage, and has just returned from a most successful season in London. Lew Sully, who has been the principal comedian in Primrose and Dockstader's Minstrels, and who is responsible for the song, "I Want to go Tomorrow," will do his share to please the audience. Master Lloyd Ames, a Canadian youth with a remarkable soprano voice, will make his first appearance in vaudeville. He has appeared here once or twice in chamber concerts. Lizzie and Vinie Daly, in a high-class dancing act; the Juggling Johnsons, club jugglers; Johnston and Dean, colored team; and Rea and Brosche, in a comedy skit, Too Much Woman, complete a list of strong attractions.

Johnstone Bennett & Co., heading the Empire Vaudevilleans, will be the attraction at Shea's Theater the week of December 10.

Poor Belshazzar.

A well-known missionary, the Rev. C. T. Brady, says that once, having been left in charge of the cathedral, he preached on Belshazzar, a subject which fascinated him, and which alone had the power to inspire him to extemporaneous speaking.

The next Sunday he began his tour of missionary work. He preached on Belshazzar in the morning, and made him do duty at night at the next station. On Tuesday night he went to a third place, and intoxicated with his previous success, used the overworked Assyrian again. After the service a gentleman stepped up to him, shook hands, and said: "That is a very fine sermon of yours."

The preacher was flattered, and ventured to hope that it had done his hearer good.

"Yes," said the other, "it has. I thought it was a fine sermon when I heard it first, two Sundays ago. I liked it better when I heard it last Sunday morning, and as I happened to be in the town where you preached Sunday night, I heard it there also. When I made this town—I am a travelling man—and heard that you were to preach, I thought I would come round and see if I couldn't meet my old friend. I have liked it better at each hearing," he continued, with a merry twinkle of his eye. "Won't you let me know when you are going to offer it again?"

The preacher, in shame and confusion, owned that Belshazzar was his only extemporaneous sermon, and therefore his best beloved. The confession delighted the hearer even more than the rest of the joke had done, and the two became the best of friends.

But Mr. Brady owns that he has scarcely dared to use Belshazzar since. He is afraid of getting the Belshazzar habit.

A Burglar in a Trunk.

A curious attempt at burglary recently occurred in a fashionable London home. One afternoon a large trunk arrived, addressed to the master of the house, who was out of town, and also bearing a label on which was written a request that the article should be placed within the bedroom of this same gentleman. Nothing suspicious happened until after midnight, when the butler was awakened by strange and desperate cries, like those of some one imploring help. He at length discovered that these cries proceeded from his employer's bedroom. Entering this, it quickly became apparent to him that they issued from the large trunk itself. He broke open the trunk and found there a man, on the verge of suffocation. In a trice he realized the whole sinister truth, and quitted his master's chamber, ostensibly to procure brandy, but really to summon a policeman. When he returned the man had vanished, having slipped out of the window, and by means of a balcony gained the street. He had undoubtedly arranged to quit the trunk while the household was fast asleep, and depart with whatever spoil he could secure. But the patent lock going wrong had cut short his attempt at burglary.

A Scientist's Prophecy.

For those who are fond of paradoxes, a recent editorial in the "Electrical Review" furnishes food for thought. Considering the fact that a town whose streets are full of grass and weeds has usually been regarded as behind the times and as deserving of reproach or at least of sympathy, the statement that grass in the streets will be a sign of progress and advance in the city of the twentieth century has a queer look. Yet the writer of the editorial makes it with confidence. He says:

"The philosophical mind, which considers the growth of the automobile and of the trolley car and the supersession of the horse, will see that it is toward grass-grown avenues that all important progress in town ends. Those of us who are accustomed to revile places like Philadelphia because oats grow up between the cobblestones there, may yet live to boast of the smooth sward grass upon our own Fifth avenue, when the destroying hoof of the horse is known no more in our streets. Grass will then become a sign and symbol of improvement; we will even cherish the stray shramrock that will adorn the Broadway crossings."

"The passing of the horse will be neither uncertain nor slow. Probably in a century the mighty Percheron and the shaggy-legged dray horse will be known only by such specimens as wise and far-seeing museums may secure and preserve. Possibly in that day the horse will be, as he has always been, a feature of sport and an accessory of pleasure, and we will probably see (if we live long enough) some considerable lowering of his record upon the racetrack; but in the cities he will be as extinct as the dodo. Our traffic and pleasure vehicles will run, doubtless, upon pneumatic tires made with some substitute for the then forgotten india-rubber, and in place of the white-clad street cleaner we will see the conductors of automobile mowing-machines trimming the grass at intervals in our busy thoroughfares."

A Matter of Training.

Mr. Trustbonds—What's the use? I tell you it is easier to get into heaven than into society. Mrs. Trustbonds—But, my dear, you would feel more comfortable in society. —"Town Topics."

A Tropical Betrothal.



"With this ring I thee wed."

Notes From the Capital.



OTTAWA'S first ball of the season took place last Friday night in the Russell, and although it was a subscription affair—tickets at two dollars—in aid of St. Luke's Hospital, it was a remarkably good ball, one which society patronized. One or other of the ladies of the committee—they were nearly all society women—made the happy suggestion that the Governor-General and

the Countess of Minto be asked not only to patronize, but to come to the ball. Such a thing was never done before for a charity ball, and for the sake of the residents of Government House, one trusts it will not establish a precedent. However, the request was put to Lord and Lady Minto, possibly more particularly to the latter, by the most influential lady on the committee, and to the everlasting surprise of those not "in it," the request was given a favorable reply. What could "boom" a ball better than the news that His Excellency and the Countess of Minto were to be present? Even those not deeply interested in the success of St. Luke's Hospital took out their last year's ball gowns and selected the best, for though all the girls looked very charming and pretty, it was widely circulated that "nobody wore a new gown." Those are for later use, when the real season begins. Mr. St. Jacques was very kind. He gave the ladies the use of the Russell free of charge; as the supper was contributed the expenses were not considerable. The large dining-room was the ball-room. It was draped with flags and red shades were put on over the globes of the electric lights, so it made quite a pretty setting for the ball. There were about ten or twelve ladies on the reception committee, but, as always happens on these occasions, not more than half the number put in an appearance. Mrs. O'Grady-Haly, Mrs. C. E. Harriss, Mrs. Colson, and Mrs. Horwood stood near the entrance to the ball-room and did the principal receiving. Mrs. O'Grady-Haly wore black satin; Mrs. C. E. Harriss wore a beautiful gown of white brocade, with touches of black velvet; Mrs. Colson wore white satin, with white flowers and chiffon; Mrs. Horwood wore white brocade. Lady Minto, who is always pretty, but especially so in evening dress, owing to her good taste in the selection of colors, was very pleasing to behold that night. Her gown was a rather bright light blue satin, with an overdress of exquisite lace; some pink carnations were fastened in the corsage and about her throat was a collar of diamonds and pearls. In the Lancers, Lady Minto danced with Sir James Grant, who, though not often seen at balls has not forgotten how to dance. His Excellency had Mrs. Fielding for partner, who wore a handsome gown of heliotrope brocade. Miss Florence Fielding, who was one of the belles of the ball, wore a pretty yellow dress. The Fieldings only arrived in town a day or two before the ball, but as they were stopping at the Russell, it was not difficult for them to attend. Mr. Fielding intends purchasing a house as soon as he can find a suitable one. Others of the Cabinet circle who were at St. Luke's ball were the Misses Cartwright, wearing respectively green brocade trimmed with chiffon and white chrysanthemums, red gauze trimmed with black. Mrs. Walter Gays, wife of the general manager of the Ottawa and New York railway, is a handsome American with golden hair, and her well-made gown of black mousseline over satin was one of the smartest. Mrs. George Murphy was a lady in white who was much admired; her gown was white corded silk trimmed with pearl applique. Her sister-in-law, Miss Lily Murphy, was among the nice-looking girls in white. Miss Ethel White and Miss Constance Fletcher were two girls in black who looked charming. There were lots of men, among others Captain Graham and Captain Bell from Government House; and the ball went off with much brilliancy.

Colonel and Mrs. Turner left for Toronto on last Friday night, spending Saturday and Sunday there. The visit was in connection with the great football game last Saturday, for the Colonel and his wife are never known to miss a game of football. Mrs. Turner is an enthusiast as regards sport. Her sympathies were, of course, with the Rough Riders, and on their account she wore a precious horseshoe pin which is said to bring luck. On this occasion the pin lived up to its reputation. Mr. and Mrs. George Bryson, who have been living at the Russell since their marriage, also spent last Saturday in Toronto.

Hon. Dr. Borden has bought Stadacona Hall, one of Ottawa's finest houses, and Mrs. Borden, who came up last week, is already established therein. It was this house that Dr. and Mrs. Borden rented for the session last year.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier returned to the Capital on Friday afternoon from Arthabaskville, where they had five or six days' pleasant rest, far from the madding crowd. Lady Laurier was waited upon by a deputation of ladies, asking her to become Lady President of the Twentieth Century Fair, which is this week being held in the Ottawa Amateur Athletic Club. Of course she consented. It is for the benefit of the club, and the ladies who are assisting in it, either as patronesses or as vendors of flowers, ices, or bric-a-brac, find their way a smooth one, for the young men of the Club are doing all the work, and the ladies have nothing to do but to be on hand in the evening, looking pretty in fascinating costumes. A different costume is worn in each department, but I must leave a description of them for next week. Lord and Lady Minto and their staff visited the Fair on Wednesday evening, which was in consequence the most fashionable night.

Miss Hamilton, of Peterboro', is in town, the guest of Mrs. Thomas White and her daughters. Mrs. White has bought a house in Gilmour street, and she and her daughters are comfortably settled therein. So her numerous Ottawa friends are hoping to keep her here permanently.

Mrs. Robert Johnston, who was Miss Isabelle Bronson, daughter of the Hon. Erskine Bronson, held her post-nuptial receptions last week, at her very pretty residence in College avenue. Miss Ray, who was Mrs. Johnston's bridesmaid, received with her on the two afternoons she was at Home.

The Countess of Minto invited Master Earl Gulick and his mother to tea at Government House on Monday afternoon. A number of married ladies were invited to meet them, and they had the pleasure of hearing Earl Gulick sing. His concert in the evening was well attended, but the singer was obliged to share the honors with a wonderful boy violinist from Montreal, Master Ralph Kellert.

AMARYLLIS.

"Barry."

"Barry," the most famous of the dogs attached to the hospice of St. Bernard, is dead, and the manner of his taking off was peculiarly sad. He had bounded toward a distressed traveller, open-mouthed, after the manner of his kind when heated or after prolonged exertion, and the man, mistakenly alarmed at his aspect, killed him.

He had, during his existence of ten years, rescued forty lives from imminent death and one incident in his career is especially memorable.

In one of his life-saving expeditions, he discovered a little boy, senseless in the snow, and fast succumbing to that fatal slumber which precedes death. He licked the face and hands of the child till he had warmed him into consciousness. Then, crouching, he in dumbly eloquent ways induced him to mount, and thus seated, the hospitable welcome and succor of the monastery were happily reached.

Barry is to have a monument erected to his memory, and there are names thus commemorated far less worthy humanity's regard than his.

Suggestion For Wives.

Jack—I hear that Tom has given up poker since he was married. Bill—Well, I don't blame him. His wife insisted on learning the game and playing with him.—"Town Topics."



The Great Indian Councils of 1836-'37.

Dramatic Interception of Sir Francis Bond Head—Origin of the Beaver as a National Emblem.

LD Peter York, the Indian whose strange career was touched upon last week, must have been present at the great treaty-making held at Manitowaning, Manitoulin Island, in August, 1836, and again, the following year, at the distribution of presents at the same place, when the Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawatimies, Winnebagoes, and Menominees gathered from all directions to receive gifts of blankets, knives, ammunition, tobacco, etc., from Sir Francis Bond Head, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. Sir Francis attended the former of these gatherings in person. It was the first general council of the Indians of the Lake Region in seventy years—the next preceding one having been held by Sir William Johnson at the "Crooked Place" (Niagara) in 1760. At the meeting in 1836, two important treaties were signed by Sir Francis and the great chiefs. By the first of these the Ottawas and Chippewas relinquished their special claims to the Manitoulin Islands, and agreed to share them as common property, under their "Great Father," King William IV., with all other tribes who might care to live there. By the second treaty, the Saukings agreed to abandon all parts of Upper Canada except one reserve north of Owen Sound, and to retire to the Manitoulin. Sir Francis having on August 9th, 1836, obtained the signatures of the chiefs to these important treaties, promised to come back the following year at the same season, to superintend a great distribution of presents to all Indians, whether from the States or Canada, owing allegiance to His Majesty. As we shall see, he was prevented from carrying out this promise by an unforeseen circumstance, and in a rather dramatic way.

The summer of 1837 came, and Sir Francis, with his suite, set out from Toronto to make the long voyage to Manitowaning. The route lay overland to Lake Simcoe and thence by water to the appointed meeting place. The Lieutenant-Governor and party were to be conveyed across Georgian Bay by Indian paddlers in great six-fathom war canoes. When half way up the lake, they were overtaken by an Indian messenger direct from Toronto, bearing the news that King William IV. was dead and the young Princess Victoria had succeeded to the throne. One can conjure up a strikingly romantic picture—the long, low war canoes, filled with feathered redmen and bearing the representative of royalty and his servants, pausing on the bosom of the Great Bay, afar from the outposts of civilization, to receive from a savage in another canoe the tidings of a momentous change in the government of a great civilized state many thousands of miles distant. The brief message delivered by the Indian courier instantly changed all the Governor's plans. Returning to Penetanguishene, he made his way as fast as possible to Simcoe, whence he despatched word to Samuel Peters Jarvis, the Chief Superintendent of Indian Affairs, then at Toronto, to proceed northward at once. The Governor and Mr. Jarvis met at Newmarket, and there Sir Francis Bond Head commissioned the Superintendent to go in his stead to Manitowaning, sitting up the greater part of the night to dictate his orders as to the mode of procedure, and what must be said to the assembled Indians. Then the Governor came on to Toronto (for those were troublous times), while Mr. Jarvis set out for the wilderness.

An interesting account of the distribution of presents is given in the third volume of Mrs. Jameson's "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada," published in London in 1838. Three thousand seven hundred Indians were present at Manitowaning. To each chief or warrior there was given three-quarters of a yard of blue cloth, four yards of linen, one blanket, half an ounce of thread, four string needles, one comb, one awl, one butcher's knife, three pounds of tobacco, three pounds of ball, nine pounds of shot, four pounds of powder, and six flints. To each woman, one yard and three-quarters of coarse woollen cloth, two yards and a half of printed calico, one blanket, one ounce of thread, four needles, one comb, one awl, one knife. To each child a portion of woollen cloth and calico. Those chiefs who had been wounded in battle or had extraordinary claims, had some little articles in extra quantity, and a gay shawl or handkerchief. There were, besides, extra presents of flags, medals, chief's guns, rifles, trinkets, brass kettles, etc., the choice and distribution of which were left to the Superintendent.

As soon as the distribution of presents was over, a grand council of all the principal chiefs was convened in a large log building. A flag was displayed in front, upon a lofty pole—a new flag with a new device, upon which the Indians gazed with much curiosity, and the meaning of which was presently to be explained to them. At the upper end of the room stood the Chief Superintendent, with his secretary, two interpreters, and some other officials. The chiefs came in, one after another, without order of precedence, some of the more noted ones being Long-knife, Bad-knife, Sun-in-a-cloudless-sky, Black-bird, Little Clam, Yellow-head, The Pine, Snake's-tail, Cub's-skin, Distant-thunder-claps, Sound-of-waves-breaking-on-the-rocks, and Two Ears. Representatives were present from as far west as the Red River—squalid, utterly uncivilized Indians, shunned and scorned by the other tribesmen as reputed cannibals. The whole number of chiefs assembled was seventy-five. When all had come within the council chamber and, with pipes a-going, had seated themselves on the floor, there was a pause of solemn preparation, and then Mr. Jarvis rose and addressed them. At the end of every sentence, Assinac (the Black-bird) translated the meaning to the assembly, raising his voice to a high pitch, and speaking with much oratorical emphasis, the others responding, at intervals, "Ha!"—but listening generally in solemn silence. "This man, the Black-bird," says Mrs. Jameson, "who understands English well, is the most celebrated orator of his nation. They relate with pride that on one occasion he began a speech at sunrise, and that it lasted till sunset."

The address of the Superintendent, which Mrs. Jameson reports in full, dealt with a number of matters specially concerning the Indians. Its language was quaint, but direct and simple. Each clause was introduced by addressing the Indians as "Children!" The flag, a fine silk one, he presented to the Indians, explaining that it symbolized the British Empire. "Within this flag, and immediately under the symbol of the British crown, are delineated," he said, "a lion and a beaver; by which is designated that the British people and the Indians, the former being represented by the lion and the latter by the beaver, are and will be alike regarded by their Sovereign, so long as their figures are imprinted on the British flag, or, in other words, so long as they continue to inhabit the British empire." When Mr. Jarvis ceased speaking, speeches were made by several chiefs.



SIR FRANCIS BOND HEAD INTERCEPTED ON THE GEORGIAN BAY.

After some deliberation among themselves, the Indians assigned the custody of the flag to the Ottawa tribe, then residing on the Island, and their principal chief came forward and received it with great ceremony. There was then a distribution of extra presents—medals, silver gorgets and amulets—to some of the chiefs and relatives of chiefs whose conduct was particularly approved, or whom it was thought expedient to gratify. After which the council broke up. In the evening there was a great canoe race for women only, the prize consisting of twenty-five pairs of silver earrings and other trinkets. Thirty canoes started, each containing twelve women to paddle and a man to steer. The course was around the little island at the head of Manitowaning Bay, and so excited did all the Indians become that when the winning crew dashed up to the finishing place, many warriors threw themselves into the water and carried the victors ashore in their arms. "But all was good humor, and even good order, in the midst of this confusion," records Mrs. Jameson. "We are twenty white people, with 3,700 of these wild creatures around us, and I never in my life felt more security."

LANCE.



"Fliegende Blätter's" conception of the "Kaiser William II." as developed a few years hence.

Stepistry.

BROWN, Johnson and myself were enjoying our cigars on the verandah of the Corner Hotel, so called from its situation at the corner of the two principal streets in the flourishing little town of Greensboro. The conversation, which had drifted from hypnotism to palmistry, was beginning to lag, when Brown, who was somewhat of an adept in the latter art, suddenly exclaimed: "But palmistry is doomed. Stepistry is the coming science. In ten years palmistry will be a lost art."

"Stepistry?" said Johnson. "What in the name of Euclid is stepistry?" "Stepistry," said Brown slowly, as he flicked the ash from the end of his cigar "is the science of footsteps. As palmistry is said to denote character in the lines of the hand, or phrenology in the bumps of the head, so stepistry betrays a person's character in the sound of his footsteps. Even a child can tell in this way whether the pedestrian is young or old, energetic or phlegmatic, a man of business or a gentleman of leisure."

"But let me apply my knowledge of the science to practical use. Situated as we are here we cannot see a person coming up the side street until he reaches the corner yonder. Now, listen to the footsteps of people approaching, and see if I am not correct in nine cases out of ten."

"Agreed," said Johnson and I together, pleased to have found so easy a diversion.

Presently we heard someone approaching, and listened with senses keenly alert.

"That," said Brown, oracularly, "is an old man. Listen to the dragging sound of the feet and the sharp stroke of the stick which he is probably using as a crutch."

At the next instant the hidden pedestrian came into view, and Brown was delighted to find his prediction correct.

Next we heard quick, sharp footsteps, and Brown did not hesitate a moment. "That," said he, is a business man going home to tea."

From the appearance of the stranger, when he turned the corner, we were forced to admit that our friend's opinion was again correct.

"But listen!" Hippity-hop, hippity-hop, skip! Brown smiled. "A girl going home from school," he said; and again he was right.

For a time there was silence, and Johnson and I began to think there was something in stepistry after all. Then we heard a tottering, uneven footstep. Brown waited as long as possible; then said, hurriedly, "An old man again."

But he was wrong. It proved to be a child of few years and small dimensions, and we laughed at the great stepist's discomfiture.

"One can't always strike it," said he, "but I'll bet I guess the next one correctly."

Soon we heard a heavy, ponderous step, and Brown's face brightened.

"There is no doubt about the possessor of that step," said he. "That is a big man, happy and contented, well satisfied with himself and the world in general."

He was right this time, for the heavy man proved to be the genial proprietor of the hotel, who had just deposited a snug little sum of money in the nearest bank.

"One more trial," said Brown, throwing away his cigar, "and I am done."

After a short interval, a soft even step was heard approaching, and Brown looked triumphant. "Hear that soft, cat-like tread?" said he in a stage whisper. "That is a woman, but no ordinary woman. Only her toes touch the ground—you cannot detect the sound of her heels. That woman will bear watching. She is either a ballet dancer or a shop-lifter. The owner of that step is a suspicious character, mark my words."

But the next instant, as the woman came around the corner, he jumped clear over the railing, and after landing in a flower-bed, dashed over a high board fence and disappeared.

Johnson, with a wild light in his eyes, looked as if he were about to follow, but hesitated to take the leap.

"What does this mean?" said I, in bewilderment. "What are you going to do? Who is the woman anyway?"

"Who is she?" said he fiercely, catching my last words; "who is she, did you say? Man, that woman is my wife."

W. E. EDMONDS.

Speaking of the recent New York Horse Show, "Town Topics" remarks: "To say that the Garden was half-full on Monday night is to use a term of double significance. I can recall no occasion in the past when the fact was so obvious that many of those present, women as well as men, had dined—and wined."

The Rosy Halo.

That is a great philosophy Bob McArthur has to get through this world with. Got it from Browning, he says. Maybe he did.

He believes that the ideal lies under the real, which is only an imperfect expression of the ideal. So he looks at everything that way, and sees perfection in imperfection. It's a case of the rose-colored spectacles for Bob, and 'tis a pity we don't all own a pair.

He took Peters home to dinner the other night. Bob hasn't been married very long. They are keeping a modest little place down in Dauphin street. Bob hasn't the same amount of money as he has of prospects, and his wife manages the housekeeping alone. Of course she has a tumble once in a while. Dinner is late sometimes, and the cooking only fair, but that sort of thing doesn't cut any figure with Bob. Nice girl, of good family, plays and sings and all that. It's only natural she should run off the track now and again when it comes to housekeeping. Hurts her a sight more than it does him.

She didn't know Peters was coming. She came running to the door from the kitchen to meet Bob. She was in her apron, and was not dressed for dinner; not only that, but her cheeks were flushed, her hair loose, and there were conspicuous specks on her face. And the poor little woman was almost in tears. She stopped dead when she saw Peters.

Bob didn't turn a hair. He was looking at the ideal.

"Well, Ethel dear, how goes it?"

And he kissed her frankly before Peters without the slightest hesitation. Then he introduced them, mentioning that this was his wife with a distinct ring of pride in his voice. She made as good a bluff as she could, and escaped.

"Come on up to my little smoke hole, old man, and have a cigar before dinner," said Bob, cheerily. "I guess there's been a hitch, or something, to-night."

Once up in his den, and Peters in a big chair, he leaned towards him and gripped him by the knee.

"By gad," he said, in a low tone of the greatest intensity, "that's a great little woman. Did you notice how she took it? Never fazed on her. You know a woman likes to look her best when you bring anybody home. Oh, yes, I've found that out. Yet here she was, caught right off her guard—and didn't turn a hair. By gad, she looked prettier than ever. Did you notice how pretty she looked? Her cheeks and her hair! Wasn't that a picture? Say, I'd like to have a painting of that. The way she stood there, holding up the dignity of the family. Against bad odds, too, for she didn't know how nice she looked. I'll bet if you asked her she'd say she felt like a fright. That's the kind of a woman she is. Doesn't know her own value. But game—game to no end. By gad, Jack, this will be a nice little home here, when I get everything fixed. But I've got a little woman there that could make a home out of a packing-case."

Peters says Bob would never let on it was a packing-case to start with. He says he thought Mrs. McArthur looked decidedly at a loss, until Bob showed him how to look at it. And he says she was nothing extraordinary to look at until Bob's talk suggested the ideal towards which his wife's face was striving, or some expression of that kind. And then Peters says he will be hanged if he didn't see her the same way as Bob did.

Bob smoked for a while with a sort of far-away smile on his face. Then he jumped up.

"Say," he said, "excuse me for a minute, old chap. I just want to run down and tell her it doesn't matter if the dinner isn't as nice as usual to-night. She's had a piece of bad luck, or something, you know. Accidents are bound to happen. She takes these things so hard. You know—she's so anxious to please me, and have everything run like oil. I'll go down and give her a leg up. It would do you good to see the way she blossoms out when you tell her she's all right."

He turned in the hall and put his head back inside the door.

"Say," he said, "I'll tell her you said she was a peach."

Half an hour afterwards Bob came back. It seems the grate had tumbled down in the kitchen stove and put the fire out.

"It's all right, old chap. We'll have things ready inside fifteen minutes. By gad, that's a brave little woman. Why, I had her laughing before I came up. What do you think of that? And she's been wrestling with that darn stove since five o'clock."

Peters says that he told Bob it was wonderful, but thought to himself just the same, with a man like Bob she could afford to laugh, laugh through anything, everything, at the world, with the world, through the world. And further, he says he has a good mind to get hitched up himself. He's caught the right idea for it, he says. Maybe he has.

S. H.

Bob smoked for a while with a sort of far-away smile on his face. Then he jumped up.

"Say," he said, "excuse me for a minute, old chap. I just want to run down and tell her it doesn't matter if the dinner isn't as nice as usual to-night. She's had a piece of bad luck, or something, you know. Accidents are bound to happen. She takes these things so hard. You know—she's so anxious to please me, and have everything run like oil. I'll go down and give her a leg up. It would do you good to see the way she blossoms out when you tell her she's all right."

He turned in the hall and put his head back inside the door.

"Say," he said, "I'll tell her you said she was a peach."

Half an hour afterwards Bob came back. It seems the grate had tumbled down in the kitchen stove and put the fire out.

"It's all right, old chap. We'll have things ready inside fifteen minutes. By gad, that's a brave little woman. Why, I had her laughing before I came up. What do you think of that? And she's been wrestling with that darn stove since five o'clock."

Peters says that he told Bob it was wonderful, but thought to himself just the same, with a man like Bob she could afford to laugh, laugh through anything, everything, at the world, with the world, through the world. And further, he says he has a good mind to get hitched up himself. He's caught the right idea for it, he says. Maybe he has.

S. H.

Bob smoked for a while with a sort of far-away smile on his face. Then he jumped up.

"Say," he said, "excuse me for a minute, old chap. I just want to run down and tell her it doesn't matter if the dinner isn't as nice as usual to-night. She's had a piece of bad luck, or something, you know. Accidents are bound to happen. She takes these things so hard. You know—she's so anxious to please me, and have everything run like oil. I'll go down and give her a leg up. It would do you good to see the way she blossoms out when you tell her she's all right."

He turned in the hall and put his head back inside the door.

"Say," he said, "I'll tell her you said she was a peach."

Half an hour afterwards Bob came back. It seems the grate had tumbled down in the kitchen stove and put the fire out.

"It's all right, old chap. We'll have things ready inside fifteen minutes. By gad, that's a brave little woman. Why, I had her laughing before I came up. What do you think of that? And she's been wrestling with that darn stove since five o'clock."

Peters says that he told Bob it was wonderful, but thought to himself just the same, with a man like Bob she could afford to laugh, laugh through anything, everything, at the world, with the world, through the world. And further, he says he has a good mind to get hitched up himself. He's caught the right idea for it, he says. Maybe he has.

S. H.

Bob smoked for a while with a sort of far-away smile on his face. Then he jumped up.

"Say," he said, "excuse me for a minute, old chap. I just want to run down and tell her it doesn't matter if the dinner isn't as nice as usual to-night. She's had a piece of bad luck, or something, you know. Accidents are bound to happen. She takes these things so hard. You know—she's so anxious to please me, and have everything run like oil. I'll go down and give her a leg up. It would do you good to see the way she blossoms out when you tell her she's all right."

He turned in the hall and put his head back inside the door.

"Say," he said, "I'll tell her you said she was a peach."

Half an hour afterwards Bob came back. It seems the grate had tumbled down in the kitchen stove and put the fire out.

"It's all right, old chap. We'll have things ready inside fifteen minutes. By gad, that's a brave little woman. Why, I had her laughing before I came up. What do you think of that? And she's been wrestling with that darn stove since five o'clock."

Peters says that he told Bob it was wonderful, but thought to himself just the same, with a man like Bob she could afford to laugh, laugh through anything, everything, at the world, with the world, through the world. And further, he says he has a good mind to get hitched up himself. He's caught the right idea for it, he says. Maybe he has.

S. H.

Bob smoked for a while with a sort of far-away smile on his face. Then he jumped up.

"Say," he said, "excuse me for a minute, old chap. I just want to run down and tell her it doesn't matter if the dinner isn't as nice as usual to-night. She's had a piece of bad luck, or something, you know. Accidents are bound to happen. She takes these things so hard. You know—she's so anxious to please me, and have everything run like oil. I'll go down and give her a leg up. It would do you good to see the way she blossoms out when you tell her she's all right."

He turned in the hall and put his head back inside the door.

"Say," he said, "I'll tell her you said she was a peach."

Half an hour afterwards Bob came back. It seems the grate had tumbled down in the kitchen stove and put the fire out.

"It's all right, old chap. We'll have things ready inside fifteen minutes. By gad, that's a brave little woman. Why, I had her laughing before I came up. What do you think of that? And she's been wrestling with that darn stove since five o'clock."

Peters says that he told Bob it was wonderful, but thought to himself just the same, with a man like Bob she could afford to laugh, laugh through anything, everything, at the world, with the world, through the world. And further, he says he has a good mind to get hitched up himself. He's caught the right idea for it, he says. Maybe he has.

S. H.

Bob smoked for a while with a sort of far-away smile on his face. Then he jumped up.

"Say," he said, "excuse me for a minute, old chap. I just want to run down and tell her it doesn't matter if the dinner isn't as nice as usual to-night. She's had a piece of bad luck, or something, you know. Accidents are bound to happen. She takes these things so hard. You know—she's so anxious to please me, and have everything run like oil. I'll go down and give her a leg up. It would do you good to see the way she blossoms out when you tell her she's all right."

He turned in the hall and put his head back inside the door.

"Say," he said, "I'll tell her you said she was a peach."

Half an hour afterwards Bob came back. It seems the grate had tumbled down in the kitchen stove and put the fire out.

"It's all right, old chap. We'll have things ready inside fifteen minutes. By gad, that's a brave little woman. Why, I had her laughing before I came up. What do you think of that? And she's been wrestling with that darn stove since five o'clock."

Peters says that he told Bob it was wonderful, but thought to himself just the same, with a man like Bob she could afford to laugh, laugh through anything, everything, at the world, with the world, through the world. And further, he says he has a good mind to get hitched up himself. He's caught the right idea for it, he says. Maybe he has.

S. H.

Bob smoked for a while with a sort of far-away smile on his face. Then he jumped up.

"Say," he said, "excuse me for a minute, old chap. I just want to run down and tell her it doesn't matter if the dinner isn't as nice as usual to-night. She's had a piece of bad luck, or something, you know. Accidents are bound to happen. She takes these things so hard. You know—she's so anxious to please me, and have everything run like oil. I'll go down and give her a leg up. It would do you good to see the way she blossoms out when you tell her she's all right."

He turned in the hall and put his head back inside the door.

"Say," he said, "I'll tell her you said she was a peach."

Half an hour afterwards Bob came back. It seems the grate had tumbled down in the kitchen stove and put the fire out.

"It's all right, old chap. We'll have things ready inside fifteen minutes. By gad, that's a brave little woman. Why, I had her laughing before I came up. What do you think of that? And she's been wrestling with that darn stove since five o'clock."

Peters says that he told Bob it was wonderful, but thought to himself just the same, with a man like Bob she could afford to laugh, laugh through anything, everything, at the world, with the world, through the world. And further, he says he has a good mind to get hitched up himself. He's caught the right idea for it, he says. Maybe he has.

S. H.

Bob smoked for a while with a sort of far-away smile on his face. Then he jumped up.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK OF GERMANY, Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, who is critically ill.

From a South African Grave.

"The amen of nature is always a flower."

"So be it: God, who gave them, took The bright young manhood's strength and power. Amen! So be it," saith the flower.

The message comes from overseas—"It grew," one writes, "where he is sleeping; 'T will precious be in your safe keeping."

The ghost of a dead flower speaks Not of a grave and its desilement— Only of love and reconciliation.

And in its stead new buds shall blow— Like nuns low bending, hour by hour, "Amen!" shall breathe from every flower.

FLORENCE HAMILTON RANDAL.



An Arctic silversmith is he, Tracing in finest filigree, With fragile loop and slender line, Figures fantastic in design.

The hollow night his workshop is, Wherein, to heaven's harmonies, With tools no mortal may behold, He bends above his forge of cold.

Yet, at the arrowy touch of dawn, The fairy magicry is done, Like shadows cast upon a wall, As subtle and ephemeral, —"Youth's Companion."

A Romance of Real Life.

A YOUNG journalist who was on terms of some intimacy with Max Muller, gives the following version of the dead professor's double love story, in fiction and in real life: "It was during a stay at his daughter's house at Mundesley, in Norfolk, that I first made his acquaintance, though we had frequently been in correspondence. Full of anecdote and genial fun, there was nothing he liked better than a gossip before or after breakfast, and as he and I were the earliest risers in the house, we had many a morning walk together. Intensely romantic in disposition, his short novel 'Deutsche Liebe' was really the outspoken relation of early affections, and though the professor would never confess to any other origin than to that which he details in the preface—namely, the discovery of papers in an old desk—yet most of his friends have taken it for granted that the papers were leaves from the professor's life, and that the 'antique receptacle' was nothing else than the warm heart which has now ceased to beat.

"The story goes that in early youth he fell in love with Miss Grenfell. Her parents, however, objected to the match, and the lovers were forbidden all communication. Meanwhile the little love story appeared, and met with immediate success. Miss Grenfell (although the book was published anonymously) surmised the authorship, and immediately translated it into English. The popularity of the book in this country almost equalled its vogue in Germany. Max Muller's love for his future wife was inevitably made yet more ardent by this sign of her affection. He determined to break down the opposition of her parents. Not very long after, when he was fairly launched on his great career, he happened one evening to be one of the audience watching a play, the love story of which was similar to his own. By one of those strange coincidences which novelists portray, but which are also of not unfrequent occurrence in real life, Miss Grenfell was also present in the theater. The lovers met at the door, and no further parental objections could restrain them. They married, and, certainly, their devotion ever after justified and fulfilled the romance of their courtship."

A Hopeless Search for Max Adeler.

Mr. Charles Heber Clark, one of America's foremost writers on industrial affairs, is very much ashamed of Max Adeler, according to the "Saturday Evening Post." Twenty years ago Max Adeler was in the heyday of his popularity as a humorist, and there are now many middle-aged men who pull down from dusty shelves their dog-eared copies of Random Shots and Out of the Hurly-Burly, and as they chuckle over the old familiar sketches, wonder what has become of Max. "He must be dead," they sigh; "what a pity!"

But he isn't. When Mr. Charles Heber Clark assumed the pseudonym of "Max Adeler" it was at a time when a man who wrote was not subjected to the searchlight of public curiosity. He wrote largely for his own amusement, and was modest in his claim to recognition. But more serious work presented itself, and he threw aside the cap and bells. He became engrossed in trade development, as applied to the industrial growth of the country. In time he became a recognized authority, and as his fame grew in this direction he desired more and more to shake from the coat-tails of his new dignity the persistent tugs given to them by Max Adeler. Doctor Jekyll-Clark loathed Mr. Hyde-Adeler.

Gradually the fame of Charles Heber Clark grew, and this pleased Mr. Clark very much indeed. One could not offend him more than to refer to the humorous writings of the discredited Adeler. He loathed them with a hatred that was terrible to see.

One day there wandered into his office two disreputable-looking representatives of the theatrical profession. They said they were a sketch team in search of a new act, with a neat song and dance and lots of sidewalk conversation. In idiomatic language almost unintelligible to Mr. Clark's secretary, they explained that they had come across a book called Random Shots, by Max Adeler, and they had been told Mr. Clark had written it.

"He's the guy we're lookin' fer," said the spokesman of the team. "He can write us the sort of stuff that'll kill 'em dead. If it's the right sort, we'll pay him good."

It took the secretary fifteen minutes to convince the callers that they were in error, and that it was a case of mistaken identity. Knowing Mr. Clark's antipathy toward the luckless Adeler, the young man refrained from mentioning the visit. Mr. Clark doesn't know about it to this day.

The New Bells of Corneville.

No comic opera, not even Pinaflore, has been sung so often as the Bells of Corneville. You have whistled its airs and hummed them, strummed them on a piano and sung them, as your good father did before you. And all this while, though neither you nor I knew it, the peaceful, patriarchal little village of Corneville, on the Risle in Normandy, had no bells—only one bell, and that was cracked. The man who first discovered this ironic fact was the Czar of all the Russias. He started

TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
New York, Cherbourg, Southampton,
Bremen

Lahn, Tuesday, Nov. 6, 10 a.m.
Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tuesday, Nov. 13, 10 a.m.
Kaiserin Victoria, Tuesday, Nov. 20, 10 a.m.
Kaiserin Wilhelmina, Tuesday, Nov. 27, 10 a.m.
Lahn, Tuesday, Dec. 4, 10 a.m.
Kaiserin Wilhelmina, Thursday, Jan. 3, 10 a.m.

New York, Bremen
Frederich der Grosse, Thursday, Nov. 8, 9 a.m.
Bonn, Thursday, Nov. 29, noon.
Triest, Thursday, Dec. 6, 8 a.m.

MEDITERRANEAN GIBRALTAR
Kaiserin Wilhelmina, November 10, 11 a.m.
November 21, 11 a.m.
Kaiserin Wilhelmina, December 2, 11 a.m.
Kaiserin Wilhelmina, December 15, 11 a.m.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND
71 Yonge Street, Toronto

AMERICAN LINE

New York—Southampton—London
Calling Westbound at Cherbourg
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.
Kensington, Nov. 28, Southwark, Dec. 19
Kensington, Nov. 28, Southwark, Dec. 19
Kensington, Nov. 28, Southwark, Dec. 19

RED STAR LINE
New York—Antwerp—Paris
Every Wednesday at 12 noon.
Kensington, Nov. 28, Southwark, Dec. 19
Kensington, Nov. 28, Southwark, Dec. 19
Kensington, Nov. 28, Southwark, Dec. 19

International Navigation Company
73 Broadway, cor. Rector Street
Barlow Cumberland, 71 Yonge St., Toronto

Atlantic Transport Line.

New York—London.
Minneapolis, Aug. 25, Manitou, Sept. 1
Minneapolis, Sept. 8, Manitou, Sept. 15

All modern steamers, luxuriously fitted with every convenience. All state-rooms located amidships on upper decks. First class passengers carried from New York to London.
Apply to Canadian Passenger Agent,
H. H. MELVILLE, 40 Toronto St., TORONTO

Wabash Railroad Company.

If you are contemplating a trip south or west for the winter, please consider the merits of the Wabash, the short and true route from Canada to Old Mexico, with its wealth of antiquities and grand natural scenery; Texas and California, the lands of sunshine and flowers. Passengers leaving Toronto and west via evening trains reach St. Louis next day at 2 p.m., Kansas City same evening at 9:30 p.m., far away Texas and Colorado points next day. Special low rate excursions during November and December. Full particulars at R.R. ticket offices or J. A. Richardson, district passenger agent, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Anecdotal.

Lillian Burkhart, actress recently had a visitor at her Bensonhurst home, whose staying quality was in excess of his discretion. The night approached, but like Tennyson's brook, he conversationally went on for ever. Finally, he turned his attention to one of the actress' dogs. "Can he do tricks?" said he. "Yes," said Miss Burkhart, repressing her twentieth yawn, "if you whistle twice to him he'll fetch your hat."

Returned soldiers reserve their finest anecdotes for the friends who know how to produce the proper "atmosphere." One who has been artistically treated in this way, told of the French-Canadian soldier alien among his kind in an English hospital, from death, under fire. It was hinted to him that he might get the V.C. "Is there any money in it?" he asked. He had vague ideas on the subject of Her Majesty's decorations. "Ten pounds or so a year—bust think of the honor and glory!" "I don't want to be ten pound," he announced, at once, "I don't want no Victoria Crosses. You may keep it all if you put me—vite!—in hol' Que bec!"

Mrs. Leiter, of Chicago, who is credited with more faux pas than she is entitled to, is responsible for the following, so a friend of the family asserts. Very recently, there was an exhibition of pictures in Washington, to which the lady, then being in the capital, received an invitation. The centre of attraction was a big canvas by a more or less well-known artist, the subject being Abel offering a burnt sacrifice of a lamb. Mrs. Leiter saw, admired, but didn't clearly understand. "What's it all about?" she whispered to somebody behind her. "It's Luther burning the Papal Bull," murmured a man, with more humor than veracity. "Really," said Mrs. Leiter. "But how shocking of Luther to wear so few clothes; and, besides, what an exceedingly small bull."

This story of Kitchener and Girouard is told by an Ottawa soldier who was present at the interview. An important bridge had been blown up by the Germans, and Lord Kitchener entered Major Girouard's office to confer with him about it. He asked the latter if he could repair it in five days. "I will go and inspect it, sir," Girouard replied, "and see if it can be done." Accordingly, he went; found the bridge in a badly damaged state, and reported to his superior that it would take ten days to make it as it was. The Sir's brow darkened ominously, and a look not pleasant to see came into

The Book Shop
Having Dance Programmes
Ready When Promised
You know how annoying the "promising printer" can be. He never performs a promise exactly.
"What we promise we perform"—Cards, Invitations, Programmes, ready when promised.
WM. TYRRELL & CO.
No. 8 King St. West.

his eyes. "I said five days," he announced, briefly. "The bridge is to be finished then. And he turned on his heel and strode away. And at the specified time his soldiers marched over the restored bridge.

It was a fin-de-siècle Ottawa child who late told a grown-up relative that she "knew how to flirt." "Indeed!" said the latter, somewhat astonished at signs of such sad depravity in one so young, "how do you do it?" "Well, the other day Clarence" (a little boy companion) "said he would give me a nut if I would kiss him. So I took it"—"And did you kiss him?" interrupted the pretty aunt, in a would-be shocked tone. (She had done reprehensible things enough in her day, but she was hardly as candid as her niece appeared to be.) "No," the little maid answered, demurely. "I took the nut, but I gave the shell back to him after I had kissed it."

Quintessence of all old-fashioned children is the five-year-old daughter of one of Canada's most eminent writers. If she doesn't "flirt in numbers" she almost speaks the prose of an Addison. She had been visiting her grandmother in a distant city, and being much petted was decidedly averse to going home when the command came. "I don't know what you can do with-out me, Grandma," she sobbed. "I can't bear to leave you alone."

Touched by this solicitude, Grandma declared she did not mind staying alone at all. "I wasn't thinking of you," said the small rebel, in a burst of tempestuous confidence. "I was sorry about myself."

But a thought came to her which dried her eyes—"perhaps if I go home there'll be an advertisement in the paper saying that 'Miss Susan' has returned home from a pleasant visit to her grandmother." And she was ready at once to help to pack her trunk.

This is the way she described a visit to the photographer's. "He took three pictures with my parol and three pictures with my parol down and a cloudy effect in the background!"

The Matinee Boy.

Preparatory, Psychic and a Modern Instance.

THERE have been many follies written about the matinee girl, her hats, her gum, her bonbons, her enthusiasms and her barefaced fracture of Commandment No. 2. She has worshipped, and her idol is either the goosy-eyed actor, or the sprightly actress who play the leading roles in the drama. In vogue, she has uttered raptures and disjointed phrases, dotted with exclamations, like quills upon the fretful porcupine. She has wept and she has yearned, and just now she is largely out of fashion. The matinee boy has the floor. We suffer from the matinee boy, though he doesn't wear a large hat. It seems that the latter nuisance was no sooner hounded off the heads of the jeunesse doree than the former arrived to afflict us. The matinee boy is nearly always a lusty, loud-bellied and clear-voiced person with very large feet, which he shuffles to the music, and very long legs, which he doubles and crosses so that the point of his toe gyrates about the center of the back of your chair, if you happen to be on his unhappy frontage. He talks cheerfully to his chum, for like the matinee girl, he needs company to be at his best. He knows some delicate personal gossip about the actress, which he tells in a rumbling, penetrating undertone, with many naughty chuckles. He hums the airs played between the acts, and reminds himself in a reminiscent monologue of the occasions upon which a "ripper" or a "stunner" or a "stiff" said them at the Runaway. Telephone. Singing or other girl shows. Then he concentrates his observations upon the audience, and points out to George and Charlie, and should they be in the company of a girl he discusses the girl, more or less knowingly; he finishes up by giving his nearer neighbors, disturbing them by remarks in a falsetto about his regret that he didn't wear a sealskin, and how tired he is of red silk waists, and other kindred topics. If the chum reciprocates, the audience generally has an interesting time, but usually the chum is entirely passive, except for an occasional grin, chuckle and a "Shut up," when the matinee boy becomes a trifle too aggressive. Both of them rush out between each act avowedly for a drink, and tramp over the skirts of ladies in passing. No one believes they have a drink, but apparently its part of their pose to need one "every hour." That this type of matinee boy isn't imaginary may be accepted as a fact, since it is drawn from the life, and disports itself occasionally in the highest-priced theater in this city. Sufferers will doubtless recognize it.

"It seems," said the girl who loves, "so wonderful to me, that for years we have been preparing to meet each other. I can remember when I shouldn't have loved him, when my nature demanded something quite otherwise. He can remember when he adored red hair! Just fancy!" And she opened wide her dark eyes. Did it ever occur to you that this preparation is always going on, that you and I are acquiring tastes, growing wise, growing broad and patient and appreciative, in preparation for some important contact? Though we may never get over our liking for red hair (which, by the way, is one of my weaknesses), it is wise to consider that there are people and things we may at present be quite incapable of enjoying and appreciating, and for which we need a certain dose of preparation. It's a wholesome thought and good to dwell upon, that there are other reasons beside our own superiority why some folks don't suit us, and that it's not always a sure sign of wisdom to flout them. In the case above quoted, the preparation needed for the girl, to enable her to appreciate a peculiar type of man, had involved trial and tears and despair and almost death, out of which she came

A Confidence.



Shall I tell you, dearest flowers,
Of the heart I leave away?
Shall I tell you, dearest flowers,
Why I could not say him "Nay"?

Gather round me, then, I pray you—
For the heart I might be heard—
I'm to be a bride next Autumn,
So, my dear, say him "Nay!"

—JEAN C. AVEZ.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Pussie, M.B.—Judging from the study I should think I'd be a miserable being if it were the "dis." You are a very hearty, forceful and dominant young woman, with a firm will, a frank tongue, and a generous nature. Your judgment isn't even, and you are not apt to deliberate or consider; your temper is fine, off-hand and amiable, and above any pettiness. I don't think you have much tact nor sympathy, and you may easily talk too much. Be careful. I think you are rather material and have a good eye to the main chance. You are impulsive and may exaggerate, but time will probably tone that down. A good deal. It is in many respects a noble and distinctive study.

Park Row.—Seems to me I have heard from you before. At all events, there is a coupon in letter now in press. Too bad, for it was a nice little study.

Hefty.—1. My dear, your mother was more wise than you know about, not letting you go to those dances. Some day you will possibly awaken to her motives, and give her your thanks. 2. Your writing shows clear thought, reasonable discretion, not very decided force, good energy and even temperament. You don't seem very ambitious, rather a contented person, a bit susceptible, quite illogical, and having your thoughts rather disconnected. Your must learn to keep hold of an idea, and, with your earnest way of doing things well, you will be greatly improved in thought and action. There are many traces of youth in your writing and not much of decorative quality, but it is honest, fearless and decided. You asked about the Races. Well, it was an improvement on the year before, when, I am told, you had shocking weather. Don't go into pools. Have pools, and pick the winners, as I did. About the dances, they are simply fine this season. I wonder haven't I seen you at some of them?

H.L.F.—There is no worst! Your writing is very readable and full of magnetic power. I should hate to be in loyal opposition. You are adaptable, determined, self-reliant and dominant. If you were not so generous-minded you might be cruel. You don't lightly trust anyone, love good things and good times, have strong mentality and excellent logic; anything, you lack buoyancy, but that is scarcely needed for your calibre; have honesty and some pride; a nature not to be trifled with is yours.

Daily.—Not too many questions, but too hard ones? Would you make a nurse? I think you might, but don't advise it. Why ask me whether you

Neuralgia

is Rheumatism of the face.
Uric Acid left in the blood by disordered kidneys lodges along the nerve which branches from the eye over the forehead, and across the cheek to the side of the nose. The cause is the same as in all Rheumatism—disordered kidneys. The cure is likewise the same—

Dodd's Kidney Pills

LADY GAY.



Accordion,
Knife
and Sun...

Dancing Skirts a Specialty.

Hemstitching, Cording, Tucking.

See our New Ready-to-Make Silk Waists; the latest New York idea; worked in eight styles.

Canada Featherbone Co.
46 RICHMOND ST. WEST
(Near Temple Building.)

make friends easily? You know yourself, and also whether you are constant. The strongest point in your study is an honest earnestness and an untiring youth. Won't you please stop from under? I might be cruel enough to let something drop which would hurt you, little girl!

Toronto.—This study has not the nervous force of the others, but in spots, so to speak, is vulnerable. The writer has not properly balanced aims and lacks proper self-reliance. He gives much regard to appearances, and is not apt to respond easily to influence; has some artistic taste and an amiable temper. Judgment is fair and appreciation large, affection warm, but not diffuse, cautious large, persistent, particularly in thought, is marked. The birthday, April 20th, is in the last days of Aries, the leading constellation of the year. After people have prejudice and act something very obstinately, their own way and ideas are so dear to them. They are receptive, bright and generally apt to be unorthodox, because boundaries annoy them. The Aries mind roves and enjoys its freedom. No one must coerce it, it is strong, original and courageous. "Baltimore" is of the same month, but not perhaps so strong in will power. The Toronto writer would enjoy an exalted position, and rise to its own, if Baltimore would agonize to secure it, and probably soon have enough. His mind is to pose, and he is always keenly alive to effect. Some imagination and concentration, bright thought, some tenacity, a more capable and practical grasp than Toronto, but not nearly so lovable a character; writer is an egotist of the first water, and cautious, with rather pronounced individuality. The writing looks to me insincere, as if the hand were struggling for other lines but submitted to the will of the writer. This prevents a well-balanced study. However, there doesn't affect the crossing of the 't's and the dotting of the 'i's, which are revelations of misplaced effort and general unreliability of purpose. So much cleverness is shown in this writing that it seems a pity it's so hoodooed by the whim of the writer. Let out, and grow naturally, dear soul!

Ottawa.—My dear Libra, accept my salutations. I do so admire and not the least comprehend you, but you are the hustler of the three—if you get sufficient inspiration to start you. The will is firm, imagination and energy good, tenacity marked and judgment erratic, but never unkind. Adaptable and impulsive, depending or reeling, independent or yielding for you are each in turn, you are one of my mysteries. Bright mentality, magnetic power, originality and affection should be yours. Those other two are the first, having steadily enough unless roused by strife of passion or opposition, you are the air, the four winds of heaven, as your humors select. No heat, no disturb nor no cold blind you. The freedom of the upper world is yours. What can we know about you?

Noble in Particular.—You are artistic, sympathetic and have some imagination, speculation and enterprise are yours. You have some nebulous ambition, plenty of logic, adaptability, good sequence of ideas, and a cheerful, sunny, there are some pretty and ingratiating traits in you, and a thoroughly feminine nature.

Somebody.—It may not be brilliant, but it has its points. They are, ambition to rise, firm effort corresponding to original turn of mind, great self-reliance, dash and enterprise. You have quick perception, no much patience to reason things out, nor marked sympathy, but a sensitive nature, and likely to be a dominant one. I think you'll succeed generally.

Nothing At All.—You are the most susceptible and tenacious of the three. Nothing could hurt you more than to live up to your nom de plume. You are discreet and careful, with ambitions yet un-realized. You have sympathy and earnestness and clear sequence of ideas, but a sensitive nature, and likely to be a dominant one. I think you'll succeed generally.

Somebody.—It may not be brilliant, but it has its points. They are, ambition to rise, firm effort corresponding to original turn of mind, great self-reliance, dash and enterprise. You have quick perception, no much patience to reason things out, nor marked sympathy, but a sensitive nature, and likely to be a dominant one. I think you'll succeed generally.

Somebody.—It may not be brilliant, but it has its points. They are, ambition to rise, firm effort corresponding to original turn of mind, great self-reliance, dash and enterprise. You have quick perception, no much patience to reason things out, nor marked sympathy, but a sensitive nature, and likely to be a dominant one. I think you'll succeed generally.

Somebody.—It may not be brilliant, but it has its points. They are, ambition to rise, firm effort corresponding to original turn of mind, great self-reliance, dash and enterprise. You have quick perception, no much patience to reason things out, nor marked sympathy, but a sensitive nature, and likely to be a dominant one. I think you'll succeed generally.

Somebody.—It may not be brilliant, but it has its points. They are, ambition to rise, firm effort corresponding to original turn of mind, great self-reliance, dash and enterprise. You have quick perception, no much patience to reason things out, nor marked sympathy, but a sensitive nature, and likely to be a dominant one. I think you'll succeed generally.

Somebody.—It may not be brilliant, but it has its points. They are, ambition to rise, firm effort corresponding to original turn of mind, great self-reliance, dash and enterprise. You have quick perception, no much patience to reason things out, nor marked sympathy, but a sensitive nature, and likely to be a dominant one. I think you'll succeed generally.

Somebody.—It may not be brilliant, but it has its points. They are, ambition to rise, firm effort corresponding to original turn of mind, great self-reliance, dash and enterprise. You have quick perception, no much patience to reason things out, nor marked sympathy, but a sensitive nature, and likely to be a dominant one. I think you'll succeed generally.

Somebody.—It may not be brilliant, but it has its points. They are, ambition to rise, firm effort corresponding to original turn of mind, great self-reliance, dash and enterprise. You have quick perception, no much patience to reason things out, nor marked sympathy, but a sensitive nature, and likely to be a dominant one. I think you'll succeed generally.

Somebody.—It may not be brilliant, but it has its points. They are, ambition to rise, firm effort corresponding to original turn of mind, great self-reliance, dash and enterprise. You have quick perception, no much patience to reason things out, nor marked sympathy, but a sensitive nature, and likely to be a dominant one. I think you'll succeed generally.

Somebody.—It may not be brilliant, but it has its points. They are, ambition to rise, firm effort corresponding to original turn of mind, great self-reliance, dash and enterprise. You have quick perception, no much patience to reason things out, nor marked sympathy, but a sensitive nature, and likely to be a dominant one. I think you'll succeed generally.

Somebody.—It may not be brilliant, but it has its points. They are, ambition to rise, firm effort corresponding to original turn of mind, great self-reliance, dash and enterprise. You have quick perception, no much patience to reason things out, nor marked sympathy, but a sensitive nature, and likely to be a dominant one. I think you'll succeed generally.

Somebody.—It may not be brilliant, but it has its points. They are, ambition to rise, firm effort corresponding to original turn of mind, great self-reliance, dash and enterprise. You have quick perception, no much patience to reason things out, nor marked sympathy, but a sensitive nature, and likely to be a dominant one. I think you'll succeed generally.

Somebody.—It may not be brilliant, but it has its points. They are, ambition to rise, firm effort corresponding to original turn of mind, great self-reliance, dash and enterprise. You have quick perception, no much patience to reason things out, nor marked sympathy, but a sensitive nature, and likely to be a dominant one. I think you'll succeed generally.

Do You Like a Good Dinner?

See that the celebrated
WINDSOR SALT
is on the table—Pure,
Sparkling, White.
Without an equal.

THE WINDSOR SALT CO.
LIMITED
Windsor, Ont.

London & Lancashire
Life Assurance Co.

LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL,
Chairman Canadian Board.

B. HAL BROWN,
Manager for Canada.

Insurance can at present be obtained at LOWER RATES in this British Company than in any Canadian or American Company.

For further particulars apply to—

DOUGLAS K. RIDOUT,
Toronto General Agent,
48 VICTORIA ST.

O'Keefe's Special

Turn It
Upside Down

—DRINKS IT ALL
—NO DREGS
—NOT CARBONATED

The success attained
in the short time this
Ale has been before the
public is unprecedented.
A single trial will
convince.

To be had at all hotels and dealers
The O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. of Toronto
Limited

DOMINION BREWERY CO.

Manufacturers of
the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of
Malt and Hops.



The Poetry of London's Lady Mayoress.



MISS GREEN.

LONDON'S new Lady-Mayoress, Miss Kathleen Haydn Green, the Lord Mayor's elder daughter, is a poetess of some popularity in England. She has been writing for some years, but, according to her own confession, she did not take herself seriously until five or six years ago, when she began to contribute poems to various well-known periodicals and magazines. These poems have been collected and published, with some additions, in a neat little volume dedicated "To all whose counsel, criticism and encouragement have availed in the making of this book."

The volume is divided into five sections. The first is devoted to long poems of difficult construction and fine, subtle imagery; while the rest of the book consists of short lyrics, none the less sweet because of their simplicity. The "Daily Mail" lately reproduced a few of Miss Green's shorter poems:

A WONDER SONG.

I wonder when the Spring birds call
With ringing note from roof to wall,
And share their seedling plunder;
Is it to see the Earth so fair
With blossoms peeping everywhere,
That birds are glad?—I wonder!

I wonder when the stars awake
And moonbeams spray the sea, to make
A silver pathway under,
Whether the door to Paradise
Is hid behind those argent eyes—
Or stars could tell, I wonder!

I wonder why so much is given
To make this Earth a second Heaven—
(With only space to sunder!)
Yet still the Fates that touch withhold
Might turn our dress to living gold—
In jest, or scorn, I wonder!

And must we face an uphill path?
The world small store of pity hath
For those who fall, and blunder!—
Then when our Sun of Life goes west,
Shall we at length find perfect rest—
And "is it peace?"—I wonder!

TIME O' DAY.

"What's the time o' day,
Dandelion-bell?"
"Near the hour of sunset-call,
I should say."

"What's the time o' year,
Pretty swallow, speak?"
"Time the Southern sun to seek
Now, I fear!"

"What's the time to love?
Maiden, tell me now!"
"Time when every spoken vow
You can prove."

"Is it time to part?
(Dearest, bid me stay!)"
"Time to kiss, and steal away—
Time to meet another day—
Time to whisper 'Love away'
My sweetheart!"

THE CHOICE.

If fate should bid us choose a road
Twixt easy path and by-way,
When, bowed 'neath life's relentless load
We toil along the highway;
Should choice 'twixt path of promise, gay
And steeper climb be given
Oh! I would choose the crooked way
That you might tread the even.

If life were as a garden green
Where roses bloomed unbidden,
With many a stealthy thorn unseen
Beneath the blossoms hidden;
If, lingering ere the close of day,
We'd make our choice of posies,
That you might tread the even.

For HARDWOOD FLOORS LINOLEUMS and OIL CLOTHS

Johnson's
Floor Wax and Polishing Brushes.
Try the Powdered Wax for Dancing Floors.
The E. HARRIS Co., Limited
71 and 73 KING ST. EAST

Our Ornamental Glass

for dwellings is widely
adopted owing to its superior finish and
suitability of design.

THE
Robt. McCausland Co.
LIMITED
87 KING ST. W., TORONTO

GEO. CHAVIGNAUD, O.S.A.
Foreign and Canadian Water-Colours
Studio—Room 6, 43 Adelaide St. East,
St.

Robt. F. Gagen, A.R.C.A., O.S.A.
STUDIO—90 YONGE STREET

A specialty made of Miniatures, Water-Color
and Ink portraits from old Ambrotypes or
Photographs.
Instruction in Water-Color Painting.

J. W. L. FORSTER
... PORTRAIT PAINTING
Studio: 24 King Street West

Oh! I would pluck the thorns away,
That you might wear the roses!
And life is changed with change of lot
Of mingled joy and grieving;
We learn that love endureth not
Since hope is all-deceiving;
But be our future what it may,
'Mid all the work or leisure,
I still will smooth the cares away!
While you enjoy the pleasure!

Scotland's Metamorphosis.

A Scotland without its U.P. and its Free Kirk is a changed land altogether. Very beautiful and comforting at first sight is that union consummated at Edinburgh on Wednesday last of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches. It would take many columns of print to explain the origin of these bodies, and the result would not be satisfactory in itself or salutary as a lesson in Church government. But the fact that they did exist and were inimical was writ large in Scottish life. The U. P. and the Free Kirk ministers would not exchange pulpits. Either would preach in the Established Kirk, but not for each other. Their jealousies and rivalries in little towns and villages formed the staple of the local gossip. At the curling or the bowling the Free Kirk and the U.P. ministers stood aloof, and would rather play against each other than on the same side. At the golf it was the same. The caddies partook in the rivalry. "Dod," said the Free Kirk caddy as the minister's put, badly hit, managed somehow to reach the hole, "that was a real U.P. shot, that yin!" Their wives would not speak; their families passed by on opposite sides; they never dealt with the same baker or drank the same whiskey. And is this forever gone—gone in the name of peace? What is peace when fifty years of national humor is tumbling about one's ears? If this goes on much longer, we shall soon see but one creed in Scotland, one Kirk, and one Deity. Each body had its own Deity in the old days—a Deity whose denominational attributes they defined every Sunday in long prayers and longer sermons, lest He should forget and attach Himself to another body. "Send rain, O Lord, send rain," prayed the U.P. Elder; "an' if ye could send it afore John Cameron gets the roof on his byre it wad remind him o' his backslidin'." For John Cameron had gone over to the Free Kirk, tempted by a fee to ring the bell and sweep the pulpit.

"It's Not Birth,

Nor Wealth, Nor Fate, but 'Gilt Up and Gilt' That Makes Man Great."

This is the motto on the letter-head of a well-known grocery firm in Waterbury, N.Y. Fred B. Bush & Co., and is indicative of the character of the man. Mr. Bush himself had quite an experience with food in relation to health, as he was refused insurance three years ago because the examining physician found he had Bright's disease, and could only live a short time at the best.

"My own physician suggested that I make a radical change in diet. About that time my attention was called to Grape-Nuts food, and I began with doctor's permission to use this food. Of course I had been forbidden the use of sugar or starchy food, but my doctor knew that Grape-Nuts was composed of the starch of wheat and barley transformed into grape sugar, and in this condition is easily digested. "To make a long story short, Grape-Nuts has been a constant dish at my table for three years. I have taken no medicine during this time, and I am now strong and healthy, and capable of doing a hard day's work every day."

So much for pure food, properly selected and perfectly cooked by experts at the factory. There is not a single disease in the category of human ills but what can be helped by the use of pure food of this character, and most of the ordinary diseases can be cured.

Ballade of the Popular Play.

When folk in this enlightened age
Fare gayly forth to view the play,
They see, adapted for the stage,
The book they finished yesterday.
Beneath the dramatist's sway
Its characters, to being spring.
They speak and move in life-like way
The acted novel is the thing.

"Revels" now lack patronage,
And dead is that romantic day
When melodrama was the rage
And heavy villains sought to slay;
But villainy is in decay,
And melodrama's had its fling,
Its reign is over the critics say,
The acted novel is the thing.

The enterprising author sage
Evolves a taking theme which may
The minds of managers engage,
And lead to contracts sure to pay—
A hero, skeptic or blasé,
Perchance may fame and fortune bring
When advertised with much display,
The acted novel is the thing.

ENVOL

Oh shade of Shakespeare, wisely stay
Where Avon's stream goes wandering,
Lest you discover with dismay
The acted novel is the thing
—Jennie Betts Hartwick in "Life"

Cure for Laziness.

Eureka! A drug has been discovered in South America which, administered in minute doses, is said to create in the recipient an irresistible desire for exertion. According to all accounts, when an inveterately lazy individual of the "Hired Man" type is given a dose of this physis, he just has to get up and dust around and make no bones about it. Of course, you cannot make a man imbibing this drug against his will, but the idea is to sprinkle it about like rat poison, so that hired men, tramps and vagabonds get it unknowingly with their grub. When a tramp comes along and says he's hungry, you hand him a piece of rabbit-pie judiciously seasoned with the drug, and tell him to call for some more later on. If he calls you repeat the dose, and the chances are that before many days have elapsed he'll sit on the doorstep and howl for hard work without knowing why. It must be borne in mind, however, that a desire for exertion does not necessarily imply a desire for work. It might assume a craving for a bout



weary Waddler—Say! Chauncey, your chances er gitten' to de better world's powerful slim!
Chauncey Van Dyke—Why?
Weary Waddler—Cause you can't walk in no narrow path wid dem feet!

of fistcuffs, in which case the experiment might be found a bit risky. The drug is called "Excal," and for telegraph boys, messengers and railway managers it should be found an excellent thing.

Removal.

Dr. R. Gordon McLean, dentist, now over B. & H. B. Kent's, 144 Yonge street, has taken a suite of offices over Ryrie Bros., corner Yonge and Adelaide streets. They are being tastefully fitted up, and will be occupied by him on and after December 1.

Music at Home.

The unmusical member of a musical family will appreciate a conversation reported below:

"Do you play any instrument, Mr. Jimp?"
"Yes I am a cornetist."
"And your sister?"
"She's a pianist."
"Does your mother play?"
"She's a zitherist."
"And your father?"
"He's a pessimist."

The Hopeless Moments

Sarah Grand in "Harper's Bazar."
Life comes to a loose end with all of us at times—a loose end that sways about in every wind that blows, helpless, useless, purposeless, unlovely, until there comes a gust of feeling, and it is caught up and woven once more into the fabric of life from which it was detached—the fabric it was designed to serve and adorn.

One Form of "Puffing"

"In New Brunswick he is known as an all-round athlete—a scientific and spectacular thrashing which he administered to a brace of burly long-shoremen in the city street caused the folk of that section to be in awe of him. His specialty, however, is running, and in the '100 yards' dash he holds the New Brunswick record."

The above refers to a poet of the name of Roberts—Charles G. D. Roberts, to wit. We shall be reading next, remarks the "Outlook," having had a small difference as to royalties, propose to settle the matter in a ten-foot ring with three-ounce gloves under Marquis of Queensberry's Rules. Happily, too, we may hear that Mr. A. C. Swinburne holds the world's record for throwing the hammer, or that Mr. William Watson has been wrestling with the Muses, Westmoreland style.

The Grape: Its Juices, Uses, and Abuses.

THE following paper was read by Horace G. Platt at the San Francisco Bohemian Club's "High Jinks."

Mr. Sir: "The Grape: Its Juices, Uses and Abuses," is not only a very alliterative theme, but is also very fruitful, and suggests liberal treating. It affords many opportunities for oratory, poetry, and wit; but these opportunities knock not at my door. They are frightened away by the watering-cart they see standing there.

Did my purse and gout permit the daily gratification of my appetite for dusty, cobwebby bottles of Lafite, I could write a thesis to prove that the use of the juice becomes an abuse except in the hands of a master. As it is, I must walk by the light of other nights, and draw upon my memory for my headaches.

If one would thoroughly appreciate the grape, he must himself tread the wine-press, and with reverent feet press out the juice whose use or abuse will give wings to fancy, or feet of lead, to fact. Fate wills that each one must himself tread the wine-press, and from the grapes of his own vineyard press the juice whose use will give inspiration to aspiration, whose abuse may bring fascination, but will surely bring degradation.

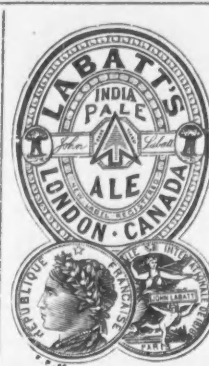
On gently sloping hills, in nestling vales, kissed by the sun, begemmed with the dew, and caressed by the rustling leaves, grows the enrapturing grape.

In every cluster is remembrance and forgetfulness, hope and regret, anticipation and disappointment, love and hate, ambition and despair, courage and fear, the fleetness of the deer and the sloth of the snail, the eagle's instinct to pierce, man's readiness to fall. Into its juice the magician dips his wand, and lo! there appear "elves of the hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves, and those that on the sand with printless foot chase the ebbing Neptune."

Into its juice the artist dips his brush, and the moth becomes as iridescent as the butterfly, leaden skies as prismatic as the Aurora Borealis, a cloudy morning so beautiful as to wake the singing of the lark.

Into its juice the poet dips his pen, and the rhythm of our hearts and the music of our souls make life melodious.

Its juice the orator quaffs, and thoughts that live and words that burn in eloquence wring plaudits from the stars.



ASK FOR
Labatt's
(LONDON)
INDIA PALE ALE

The Malt and Hops used are the finest that skill and money can secure. A prime favorite.

AT GROCERS, CLUBS AND HOTELS



SIR WILFRID LAURIER

"Hail to the Chief"

A magnificent photograph portrait from his favorite photo, almost life size, with autograph signature, in art brown on artistic brown gray mount, ready for framing, of

Sir Wilfrid Laurier,

sent, prepaid, on receipt of \$1.00, or framed in handsome Swiss oak frame, \$2.00. Light mount and gilt frame, \$2.00. "A genuine work of art."

The Grip Printing and Publishing Co.
of Toronto, Limited
26-28 WEST ADELAIDE STREET
TORONTO



Decrease the Coal Bill and
Increase Your Comfort by using a

Famous Baseburner

Three sizes without Oven. Two sizes with oven. Every stove a double heater.

One third more heating surface than any other. Fire passes through three flues, while other stoves have only two, and thus securing one third more heat from the same fuel. Parlor stoves draw the cold air off the floor.

Removable freest; flat or duplex grates; removable nickel jackets. The oven bakes perfectly.

You run no risk, we guarantee them.

The handsomest Baseburner in Canada

Pamphlet free

from our local agent or our nearest house.

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL,
WINNIPEG AND VANCOUVER.

THE McCLARY MFG. CO.

Oh, the juice of the grape!
It is diplomacy, and statesmen avoid the shedding of good blood by the drinking of good wine.
It is business, and money-kings coin ducaats out of the bubbles of sparkling wine.
It is fellowship, and friendship is born of a bottle of wine.
It is passion, and the flower of love blooms in blushing beauty when sprinkled with wine.
It is succor from pain, relief from sorrow, rest from labor, triumph's reward.
It is the chariot of fancy, and its path is the rainbow.
It is the Pegasus of genius, and its wings are aglow with the lightning.

Red Port Wine is the product of red grapes grown in the Douro valley of Portugal. At the mouth of the Douro River lies the beautiful, ancient city of Porto, called by the Portuguese *O Porto*, and which imparts its name to the famous *Port Wine*. The first two pipes of Port Wine were shipped to England some 250 years ago. Up the Douro River some 20 miles lies the picturesque town called Rego, and in its vicinity and further up the banks of the river, from its bed to near the top of the high mountains, the country is planted over with vines. The marvelous climate and soil produce the magnificent grapes from which Port Wine is made, and it is under such conditions that fine *Comendador Port* was grown some 25 years ago. Any respectable wine merchant in Canada can supply it.

It is the fairy godmother of hope, and it neglects no Cinderella in purple.

It is the water of the Pierian Spring, sparkling with the breath of angels.

It is the eternal to-day of beauty, pleasure and fruition, the certain to-morrow of delicious anticipation.

It is childhood's laughter, manhood's cheers; it is lovers' midnight kissing.

It is the elixir of inexhaustible desire, the one taste of nature that makes the whole world kin.

Its flowers never fade, its perfumes never die, its music lingers forever as in the pearly galleries of a shell.

Abuse it, and on your hearthstone will coil the dragon of despair, and want and woe will your companions be, and—

But why dream of pain, when you may be awake to pleasure? To-night we will think of the grape and its juices, and uses only. Its abuses we may think of to-morrow; but not if we bear in mind the advice of Horace.

Max Muller's Hobby.

At Oxford the late Professor Max Muller occupied the charming residence that was built for Professor Goldwin Smith. Here the illustrious Orientalist used to work in an airy library. As he rose from his mahogany writing-table to give a visitor greeting, one could not help noticing that he had rigged on to the table a curious structure of different material and color from the desk itself. Even the least curious of mortals was smitten with a desire to know what it really was. The moment when the question was put as to its uses was a proud one for the Professor. He was an amateur carpenter, and no quibble of comparative philology ever made his eye brighten as did a description of that apparatus; it was a kind of movable rest for the right arm, and helped to keep away "writer's cramp."

Another Story.

The Zebra—Say, lengthy, how did you acquire your rubber-neck? The Graffe—You're too late, old man. I've told the story to Kipling—"Town Topics."

Unmasked.

"I firmly believe all water used for culinary purposes should be boiled an hour at least."
"You are a doctor, I presume?"
"No, sir, a coal dealer."



HOLT,

RENFREW

& CO.

5
KING ST.
EAST

OUR stock embraces all the varieties of furs that can be found in any market, and includes the latest designs in Seal Skin and Persian Lamb garments.
Specialties in Collarettes in all the leading furs and combinations.

Fur-lined Wraps in Silk and Cloth, lined with Mink, Grey Squirrel, Hamster, etc., and trimmed with Thibet, Alaska Sable, Mink, Mufflow, etc.
Fur Show-Rooms open at all seasons.
Ladies' Felt Hats in ready-to-wear styles.

HOLT, RENFREW & CO.

35 and 37 BUADE, ST., QUEBEC

5 King St. East, TORONTO

Pattern Book and Price List sent on application.



A PARAGRAPH has been going the rounds of the Canadian press stating that Miss Adele Lount-Tyson, pianist, of Clarksburg, Ont., had the honor of being accompanied by Paderewski in Grieg's concerto at a concert in Carnegie Hall, New York, last February, and, quoting notices of the event from the "Times" and "Tribune." A recent number of the "Tribune" states that that paper never heard of Miss Tyson, that Paderewski never played second piano to any artist in New York at a public concert, and that Paderewski was never with in one thousand miles of New York the time stated. All this is very puzzling. Can any of our readers supply any information about the lady in question? I understand she was at one time a pupil both of Mr. Tripp and Mr. Field.

By the death of Sir Arthur Sullivan England has lost her most prominent, perhaps her most representative, composer. In the field of symphony, Mr. Frederick Hymon Cowen surpassed Sir Arthur, but in oratorio or sacred cantata, comic opera, church music, and song, the latter has not been equalled by any of his British contemporaries. To the great masses of the English-speaking people Sir Arthur Sullivan is best known by his numerous operas. In conjunction with Mr. W. S. Gilbert, his librettist, he created a type of comic opera, racy of the English soil, and in which there is no offence either to good art or good morals. A debt of gratitude is owing to both these men. They did much to drive from the English stage the indecencies of the French opera bouffe, and to prove that a comic opera could be made entertaining without being shamelessly vulgar, and without resorting to the display of the meretricious charms of troupes of thinly-clad damsels. The popularity enjoyed by four of their operas, viz., *Pinafore*, *Patience*, *Pirates of Penzance*, and the *Mikado*, has been phenomenal and has made the names of the author and composer famous all over the civilized world. Sir Arthur owed to some extent his success to the felicity with which he wrote for the voice, especially in part songs. He seemed to understand how to distribute the parts so that each voice sings to the best advantage. Ungracious or awkward intervals are rarely to be found in his part writing, and the same may be said of his choral compositions. In this faculty he had a great advantage over many of his competitors. Two of his best works in large form are *The Light of the World*, and *The Golden Legend*. His most popular song may be said to be *The Lost Chord*, and his best orchestral efforts the symphony of *E flat*, the music to *The Tempest*, and the *Overture di Ballo*. Sir Arthur died just as the arrangements for the production of his new Irish opera at the Savoy were nearly completed. His latest pronounced work, *The Rose of Persia*, had a successful year's run in London and was but recently brought out in New York.

One of the most practical works ever issued in the United States in reference to piano technique has just been completed by Mr. H. E. Carter, of Los Angeles, Cal. The book is complete with illustrations contributed by several of the greatest piano-teachers in America. Our own Mr. J. D. A. Tripp is included in the list as representing Canada, and is shown in two poses, one of himself, seated at the piano, and one of his hand in normal position on five white keys. Among the others who have contributed poses are Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, Richard Burmeister, Constantine Sternberg, Hugo Mansfield of San Francisco, and the author.

The next Monday Popular Concert will be given in Victoria Hall, Queen street east, next Monday, December 4th. The programme will embrace a concerto for Flute and Piano, by Paul Collet, "Trio for Flute, Cello and Piano, Weber, and the first Movement from Beethoven's Trio, Op. 1 No. 3, Piano, Violin, and Cello. Mr. Arlidge will also play a flute solo. Mr. Carnahan will sing in *Mellow Autumn Tide* and the *Largo* of Faetotum, Rossini, and Mr. Augustine Arlidge, tenor, will sing *Come when the soft twilight falls*, Schumann. The pianists will be Miss Landell and Miss Mansfield. Miss Pearl O'Neill will read *The Swan Song*.

Miss Marie Wheeler, a talented pupil of Mr. Rechab Tandy at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and leading soprano of Old St. Andrew's church, recently sang with marked success at Exbridge, the "Times" of which town spoke of her in the following terms: "Miss Wheeler delighted all with her winning manner and sweet voice, the rendering of *A May Morning* being simply superb."

The many friends of Mr. Napier Durand will regret to learn that owing to continued ill-health he has been obliged to give up for a time his work at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and will spend the winter in some milder climate.

A musical as well as military event of this season will be the presentation of Cameron and Telgmann's Cantata, Leo, the Royal Cadet, in Massey

Music Hall, on Thursday and Friday, December 20 and 21, under the auspices of the Knights and Ladies of the Maccabees. Special interest attaches to this event from the fact that the author and composer are Canadians. Rev. C. J. Cameron, now a prominent clergyman in Boston, is responsible for the Libretto. Mr. O. F. Telgmann, a well-known Canadian musician, at present in Ottawa, has prepared the score. The theme is Canadian, introducing scenes at home and in South Africa, and the work will be presented with beautiful scenic effects and handsome costumes.

The following programme was given by the pupils of F. H. Torrington last Saturday afternoon at the Toronto College of Music: Schumann, Aufschwung, Edith Locke; Mendelssohn, Lieder ohne Worte, Nos. 30 and 34, Ethel Fosdick; Crozier, I Cling to Thee, my Saviour, Mrs. Armstrong; (a) Chopin, Berceuse D flat, (b) Rachmaninoff, Prelude, Lizzie Brehner; Liddle, Abide with me, vocal, Minnie Duke; Beethoven, Sonata, Moonlight, Annie Stone; Gray, Saviour of the World, vocal, Pauline Breckell; Chopin, Ballade No. 1, Percy Hook; Weber, Sonata and Aria, Softly Sighs, vocal, Florence Walton; (a) Henselt, Cradle Song, (b) Dohler, Study, Mae Van Wyck.

Mr. Sims Reeves, it is stated, in addition to the two grown-up children of his first marriage, has left a widow, aged twenty-seven, and an orphan son, aged four, is unprovided for and dependent solely upon the earnings of the widow as a vocalist. A subscription, I understand, is being started for the widow. It seems strange, bearing in mind the large sums of money earned by the late tenor during a long career that an appeal should have to be made to charity on behalf of his family.

There is little that is original in the music of *A Royal Rogue*, the two-act operatic comedy that is holding the boards of the Grand Opera House this week. It is all pleasant jingle, and it is probably because it is so suggestive of so many popular comic operas that the average audience find it so acceptable. The piece made a great hit on Monday night, at the opening performance—in fact, the encores were so numerous and persistent as to become wearisome. Much of the favor with which the broad comedy numbers was received was due, of course, to the irresistibly funny business of the favorite comedian, Jefferson de Angelis. His perpetual fussiness and fidgetiness, with his legs, his arms, his fingers, his body and his feet, his by-play with his associates on the stage, and his facial grimaces, are found extremely ludicrous and elicit roars of laughter. The composer of the music is Mr. W. T. Francis, who shows considerable powers of assimilation and reproduction, particularly with regard to French and English music. He has succeeded in producing a light and tuneful entertainment which certainly will not bore the masses. One of the hits of the first act was the drinking song for a trio of Anarchists, with chorus, which is really a good and catchy number. The leading lady, Paula Edwards, is a smart little subrette, but, while she can act and dance cleverly, she has no singing voice to speak of. Emily Francis, Hilda Hollins, Adine Bouvier and Maud Poole, who fill minor roles, have all better voices and are better vocalists. Emily Francis and Hilda Hollins sang very sweetly, and with a finish that revealed a degree of vocal culture. As a medium for exploiting the star, and as affording two and a half hours of light amusement *A Royal Rogue* serves its purpose very well.

The assisting artists at Miss Alice Robinson's piano recital at the Guild Hall, McGill street, on the evening of the 12th inst. will be Miss Dora L. McMantry, soprano; Mr. George Fox, solo violinist; Mr. R. Drummond, baritone, and Mr. Leslie R. Hodgson, accompanist. A very attractive programme has been prepared, and a thoroughly enjoyable evening may be anticipated by all who attend. Tickets are on sale at Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co., Yonge street.

Gertrude May Stein, the well-known New York contralto, has been engaged by the Mendelssohn Choir to assist the chorus in the presentation of Mendelssohn's XLIII Psalm for contralto solo and chorus, as well as to sing several solo numbers at the society's forthcoming concert. Miss Stein has been rapidly advancing in public favor as a singer of the first rank, as the character of her recent engagements indicate. At the opening of the new Symphony Hall, Boston, in October, in connection with the first concert given by Boston's great orchestra in its new home, Miss Stein won a most emphatic triumph, several of the critics stating that she has no superior on the continent at the present time.

Mr. Elgar, the composer of the *Dream of Gerontius*, a setting of Cardinal Newman's poem, which was brought out at the recent Birmingham festival, awoke the day after the performance to find himself famous. The "Musical Times" gives some interesting particulars of his life. It appears that he was practically self-taught, and never received a lesson in orchestration in his life. The son of a Worcester-shire music seller and organist, he

in 1877, saved up £10 and spent £7 in a fortnight's trip to London to receive a few violin lessons from the late Mr. Pollitzer. He was a solicitor's clerk, but at twenty-two became bandmaster at the Worcester County Lunatic Asylum, and afterwards he set up as a teacher, a violinist and organist. As a young man Mr. Elgar composed quadrilles at five shillings a set, and wrote accompaniments to Christy Minstrel songs at eighteen pence each. In 1885 he became organist of St. George's Roman Catholic Church, Worcester, and four years later he married the only daughter of the late Sir Henry George Roberts, K.C.B., his wife's mother being a descendant of Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday schools.

In my notice last week of the Friedhelm concert I inadvertently stated that he played on a previous occasion in Toronto the whole of the Chopin Etudes. I should have stated that he played the whole of the twenty-four Preludes at a sitting.

The Guildhall School of Music, London, has now more than three thousand pupils registered on its books, and the staff of instruction consists of 142 professors. The school, which has three orchestras and a choir, last year produced two operas, Gounod's *Mireille*, and *The Royal Vagrants*, by Mr. H. Waldo Warner, a very talented student. At the recent annual commencement, the principal, Dr. Cummings, with pardonable pride, said that the celebrity and world-wide reputation the school had already attained had added an honorable page to the proud records of the City of London.

The Rev. Arthur Mursell, a Baptist minister at Stockwell, London, went out of his way during a sermon he was giving a few weeks ago to dispose of the charge that the late Sims Reeves was an unclean husband. He recollected, he said, a day in the late fifties when a crowded concert was in progress at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. The lion of the evening was Mr. Sims Reeves, who had a short time previously disappointed an audience in the same building. The people were in an unforgetting temper and determined to be revenged upon their idol, who had a hostile reception. Afterwards some friends went to his room and found his wife—herself an artist of great charm—in tears. "I don't mind their hissing him," she said, "he can very soon put that right, but it is cruel to malign him. A simpler living man or a more tender husband than Sims Reeves is not to be found."

The first appearance here of Dohnanyi, the eminent pianist-composer, who has been engaged as the star attraction at the concert of the Singers' Club in the Massey Hall on December 4 will without doubt be one of the most important and interesting events of the musical season. So much has been written about Dohnanyi and his successes in London, New York and Boston that there is great curiosity in local musical circles to hear him.

At the recent A.O.U.W. concert in the Grand Opera House in Hamilton Mr. J. M. Sherlock and the Sherlock Male Quartette appeared, with their usual success. The Sherlock Male Quartette in its numbers delighted everyone, and was forced to respond to encores. The four voices blend as sweetly as a finely tuned musical instrument and evidence much careful training.

CHERUBINO.

Pale and Bloodless.

Thousands of Anæmic Girls Hurrying to the Grave.

A Young Lady at Cobourg, Ont., Whose Case Was Pronounced Hopeless, Tells How She Regained Health and Strength—A Lesson to Mothers.

Anæmia is the term used by doctors to indicate poverty of the blood. The prevalence of this trouble is most alarming, especially among young girls, and a large percentage of the altogether too numerous cases of consumption which annually ravage the country have their origin in this trouble. The first indication of anæmia is a pale, sallow or waxy complexion. This is followed by loss of appetite, frequent headaches, indigestion to exertion, swelling of limbs, violent heart palpitation and frequently fainting fits. These symptoms may not all be present, but the more there are the greater the urgency for prompt and effective treatment, which should be persisted in until all traces of the trouble have vanished. Among the thousands who have been brought near to the brink of the grave from this trouble, and ultimately restored to health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Miss Bella Boyd, an estimable young lady whose home is at Cobourg. Miss Boyd gives her experience as follows:

"It is nearly ten years since my illness first commenced, and although I was doctoring more or less, I received little or no benefit, as the doctors did not seem to understand my trouble. Two years ago my health became so bad that another doctor was called in, but he stated that my case was a most severe type of anæmia, and that while he could help me, the trouble had progressed to such a stage that he could hold out little hopes of a cure. At this time I was as pale as chalk, my eyelids were swollen and would hang down over my eyes like sacks of water. My feet and limbs would swell, and were always cold. I was subject to violent headaches, severe palpitation of the heart, and if I stooped over I would be so dizzy that I could scarcely regain an upright position. My appetite failed me almost entirely, and I grew so weak that I was a mere wreck. While in this condition I read in a newspaper of the cure of a young girl whose case was much like mine, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I determined to try them. Those who knew me did not think any medicine could do me any good, or that I would ever get better, but I determined at all events to give the pills a fair trial, and I have used them for nearly a year, with

the result that I feel like a new person. The swelling in my eyelids and limbs has disappeared; my appetite is good and my face is regaining the color which left it years ago. I can sew and do work about the house, and this great change in my condition is due solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is not too little to say that they have saved my life, and I strongly urge girls who are similarly afflicted to give them a thorough trial.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

INCORPORATED TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN
1885
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
COLLEGE STREET.
DR. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director
Affiliated with Toronto and Trinity Universities
Affords an Artistic and Finished Musical Education of the Highest Standard, preparing students as solo artists and teachers, and equipping them for important positions in professional work.

STRONGEST FACULTY IN CANADA
NEW CALENDAR AND SYLLABUS
CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF ELUCUTION
MAUDE MASSON, Principal.
Reading, Recitation, Oratory, Voice Culture, Physical Culture, Rhetoric, English Literature, Orthography, Psychology, Pedagogy.

MR. RECHAB TANDY
CONCERT TENOR
Vocal Instructor
Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

METROPOLITAN
School of Dancing, Etc.
Cor. College and Spadina Avenue
(Bank of Commerce Bldg., Room 22)
NOW OPEN FOR SEASON 1900-01
Pupils Can Join at Any Time
Day and Evening Classes
Illustrated Calendar mailed free.
All communications should be addressed to the Principal, Mr. M. J. SAGE.

Mrs. Susie Ryan-Burke
VOICE CULTURE
English, German, French and Italian
Repertoire
Pupil of Lamperti, LeGrange and Randegger.
Vocal Directress of Loretto Abbey, Toronto, and Vocal Teacher St. Margaret's College, Toronto.
STUDIO
NORDBEIMER'S

J. D. A. TRIPP
Piano Virtuoso and Teacher
Pupil of Moszkowski, Stepanoff and Leschetizky.
Residence and Studio, 543 Jarvis Street.
Telephone 4499.

Miss Alexandrina Ramsay
RECITER AND CONTRALTO VOCALIST
has returned from London and is on for engagements for Concerts, Churches, etc.
Address—524 Church Street.

MR. H. M. FIELD
PIANIST
Musical Studio—
21 Grand Street, Leipzig

EDWARD BARTON
ENGLISH BASS SOLOIST
Voice Specialist
Singing Master College of Music, Choirmaster St. Margaret's Church. Now looking for engagements for Concerts, Churches, etc.
Residence—320 Robert Street.

MRS. H. W. PARKER
A.T.C.M.
SOPRANO
Opera, Oratorio, Concerts and Recitals. Instructor of Vocal Art.
Conservatory of Music, Toronto.

DAVID ROSS
SOLO BARITONE
Operatic, Oratorio, Church and Concert Repertoire
Pupil of Prof. A. A. North, Signor Gusave Garcia and Mr. Andrew Blake, London, Eng.
Address—The Mason & Rich Piano Co., or 132 Jameson Avenue, Toronto.

W. O. FORSYTH
(Director Metropolitan School of Music)
Receives pupils at any time—professional, advanced and amateur—in piano technique, piano-playing and musical interpretation. Harmony, etc.
Studio for private lessons—Nordheimer's, 15 King Street East, Toronto.

J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church. Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Teacher of Piano and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School, and Miss Veal's School, 13 Dunbar Road, Koroale.

MISS HARRIETT RUTHERFORD
Vocalist, A.T.C.M., London, Eng.
Pupil of Mr. E. W. Schuch. Teacher of Singing.
38 Cedar Street.

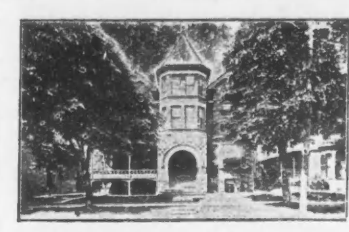
GEO. E. BRAME, Baritone Vocalist.
Teacher of Singing, Piano and Theory.
Specialist in sight-singing.
Studio—132 Wilton Avenue.

MR. A. S. VOGT
Teacher in the Advanced Grades of Piano Playing
Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music, or 331 Bloor Street West.

WILLIAM REED
CONCERT ORGANIST
Recitals and Organ Openings. Teacher of Organ, Piano, Theory
Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music.

VIOLIN LESSONS
J. W. BAUMANN
Bishop Strachan School, Miss Veal's School, St. Margaret's College, Mrs. Neville's School.

STUDIO AT NORDBEIMER'S



TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC, LIMITED.
GEO. GOODERHAM, President. F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director.
Thorough Musical Education Assured at This School.
School of Expression, H. N. SHAW, B.A., Principal.
Calendar and Syllabus upon application.

H. N. SHAW, B.A.
Principal Toronto College of Music.
School of Elocution
Can be engaged for Recitals and Costume Dramatic Entertainments, assisted by Miss May Mahwinney, vocalist, and others.
Entertainment committees address, care College of Music, for dates and terms.

HILDA RICHARDSON
Of London, Eng.
VIOLONCELLIST
Engagements accepted for Concerts, Musical and ensemble playing. Pupils received at—
Toronto College of Music, Pembroke Street.

ADAM DOCKRAY
TENOR
Teacher of Singing
Studio—Room N, Yonge Street Arcade.
Residence—79 Charles Street.

Miss Amy Robsart Jaffray
MEZZO-SOPRANO
Voice Culture
Studio: Nordheimer's. Reception hour: 11-12 Tuesdays.

ARTHUR BLIGHT
MASTER OF SINGING
SOLO BARITONE
Voice Culture and Artistic Singing a Specialty
Studio—Room 2, 113 Richmond St. West
Residence—36 Pearson Ave., Toronto, Ont.

MR. J. M. SHERLOCK
CONCERT SINGER
Tenor soloist with the principal Canadian vocal societies. Director of the famous "Sherlock Male Quartette."
Room 5, NORDBEIMER'S, TORONTO, ONT.

GEORGE F. SMEDLEY
Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist
Will receive pupils and concert engagements. Instructor of Varsity Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs. Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterians Ladies' College.
Studio: Daytime, at Nordheimer's; Even- ings, College of Music.

FRANK S. WELSMAN
PIANO VIRTUOSO AND TEACHER
Pupil of Prof. Krause, Prof. Schreck and Richard Hofmann.
32 Madison Avenue, or Toronto College of Music, also at Miss Veal's School, St. Margaret's College and Haverall College. Tel. 3381

MRS. NORMA REYNOLDS REBURN
SINGING
Specialist in training vocal students for the profession. Appointments made.
Address Toronto Conservatory of Music or 38 Bernard Avenue.

MISS MARY E. NOLAN
Voice Culture and Vocal Music
Pupil of the eminent teacher, Senor Manuel Garcia, of the Royal Academy of Music, London, England, with thirteen years' experience as church choir soloist and teacher of vocal music in New York City. At the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MISS EDNA LOUISE SUTHERLAND
ELUCUTIONIST
Graduate Emerson College, Boston.
For four years reader in "Boston Rivals" Concert Company. Open to engagement in Canada for two months. Pupils received.
Address—50 Pembroke Street.

MISS MARY HEWITT SMART
... SOPRANO ...
VOICE CULTURE AND PIANO
Vocal Directress Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Vocal Teacher St. Margaret's College, Toronto.
Studio—Room U, Yonge Street Arcade.

MRS. J. W. BRADLEY
Directress and Leader of Berkeley St. Methodist Church Choir.
Vocal Teacher of Moulton Ladies' College, Toronto, and Toronto Conservatory of Music, 130 Seaton Street, Toronto.

MISS H. M. MARTIN, Mus. Bac.
SINGING—Pupil of Mr. W. E. Haslam, PIANO—Pupil of Mr. H. M. Field, Teacher Haverall College and College of Music, Address 71 Gloucester Street, or Toronto College of Music.

MISS CARTER
TEACHER OF PIANO
386 Brunswick Avenue

MR. and MRS. A. B. JURY
Pupils Taken
Piano, Organ and Voice Culture
Residence and Studio—38 Alexander Street

W. Y. ARCHIBALD
Tenor—Teacher of Singing
At Metropolitan College of Music
Studio—Nordheimer's.

Madame Alice Waltz
Has removed her studio to more convenient location
At—
417 Church Street, Near Carlton

E. C. WAINWRIGHT
TEACHER OF SINGING
Resonance and Flexibility a Specialty
Room V,
Yonge Street Arcade.

MISS FLORENCE GRAHAM
TEACHER OF PIANO AND PIANO
Pupil of W. Elliott Haslam and of H. M. Field, Toronto College of Music.
Also Miss Veal's School, Bishop Strachan School, and Haverall College, 623 Spadina Avenue.

W. J. A. CARNAHAN
BARITONE
Concert, Church and Recital
Address—78 College St., Toronto.

Toronto Junction College of Music
Miss VIA MACMILLAN, Directress
New Term Opens November 13th

New Piano Music.

MENUET

By FRANK S. WELSMAN
Price 50c.

Published by
Whaley, Royce & Co.
158 YONGE STREET
Toronto, Ont.

ELSA MacPHERSON
CONCERT PIANIST AND TEACHER
(Diplomee Leipzig Royal Conservatory)
Pupil of Reinecke, Zwintcher, Bloomfield, Zeisler, Priva'e and Class Lessons, 5 Sussex Ave., St. Margaret's College, Toronto College of Music, Tel. 474.

W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.R.C.O.
Teacher of Piano, Organ and Theory
Theory lessons by correspondence. Pupils prepared for Musical Examinations at the Universities, etc.
Toronto College of Music, or 273 Wellesley Street.

MISS AMY STERNBERG
Physical Culture and Dancing
St. George's Hall
BRANCH, TORONTO JUNCTION.

J. Frances Byford
CONCERT PIANIST
For several years pupil of Prof. Martin Krause of Leipzig, Germany.
Pupils and Concert engagements accepted.
Studio—889 Spadina Avenue.

MISS LINA DRECHSLER ADAMSON
SOLO VIOLINIST
(Just returned from Leipzig, Germany)
Pupils and concert engagements accepted.
Residence—572 Church Street.

FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD
Simplex and Kindergarten
Classes now forming at 38 Grange Avenue and 61 Shannon Street.

DONALD HERALD, A.T.C.M.
TEACHER OF PIANO
20 Rose St. Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MISS KATHARINE BIRNIE
CONCERT PIANIST, Krause method, taught by Mr. H. M. Field. Studio—Nordheimer's, or 66 Bloor Street East. Phone 4588.

LOYD N. WATKINS
Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin and Zither
Conservatory of Music, Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.
303 Church Street.

HERR EUGEN WOYCKE
Composer, Pianist and Teacher of Music.
Thorough instruction privately and in classes. Applications requested to be addressed—care of Messrs. Nordheimer, or Mrs. L. Drechsler-Adamson, 572 Church Street.

JOSEPH HUGILL
No. 29 Allice St.
Maker and Repairer of Violins, Etc.

SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND
Public Accountant and Auditor
Third Flat, McKim Building, Toronto.
Phone 1641

CANADIAN PACIFIC R.Y.

THE SHORTEST TIME

To Southern California points is made via the Canadian Pacific and its connections.

It is shorter by several hours than any other route. It offers exceptional advantages.

There is only one change of CPR trains. Full particulars and tickets from any Canadian Pacific agent.

A. H. NOTMAN,
Assistant General Passenger Agent, TORONTO.
CPR • CPR • CPR • CPR • CPR • CPR

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

"EQUIPMENT"

Magnificent trains are run on the lines of the Grand Trunk Railway System, with handsome coaches and palaces sleeping, cafe, parlor and dining cars, to Eastern and Western points, via Detroit, Port Huron, Niagara Falls, Montreal and Portland. SOLID VESTIBULE TRAIN SERVICE TO NEW YORK. Through sleeping cars from the Atlantic Coast to Chicago.

Tickets and all information from agents Grand Trunk Railway System.
J. W. RYDER, C.P. and T.A., north-west corner King and Yonge Streets, Toronto. Phone 434-837.
M. C. DICKSON, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

One Cent Each
FOR
Household Linen

AT
Rolston Laundry Co.
PHONE 1381 For further information and free lists.

MORANG'S GIFT-BOOK SUGGESTIONS

The choice of gift-books to present to those we care for, at the festive seasons of Christmas and New Year is indeed difficult, nay bewildering. The following jottings may be of use to those who find it hard to determine what they shall buy for their friends and beneficiaries.

Special Christmas Volumes

Louis Frechette's Christmas in French Canada

mas book of recent years—it may be given to a child, a man or a woman.

A Woman Tenderfoot

son underwent the experiences drawn for her by her husband and his artist friends are worth the price asked for the volume—two dollars.

Wild Animals I Have Known

The Trail of the Sandhill Stag

In the Forest of Arden

My Study Fire

Bachelor Ballads Set to Pictures

Nineteen Hundred and One

Rip Van Winkle

Natural History with Anecdote

...Biography...

Soldiering in Canada

The Life of Nelson

A Life of Francis Parkman

Preparation: (2) The Reflection of His Personality in His Works; and, (3) The Story of His Moral Growth.

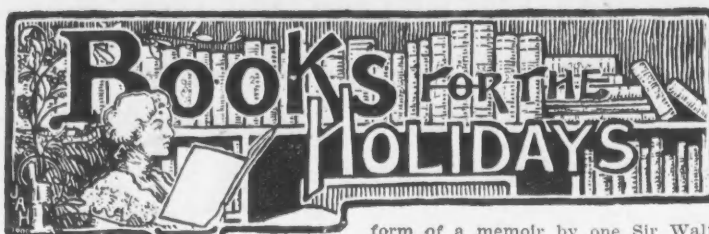
The Life and Let- ters of Sir John Everett Millais

The Life and Let- ters of Lewis Carroll

Look Out for Subsequent "Suggestions" in This Place

These books may be obtained from all Booksellers, or they can be sent post paid from the Publishers—

GEORGE N. MORANG & CO., Limited
90 WELLINGTON ST. WEST, TORONTO



A BOOK so important as Gilbert Parker's *Lane That Had No Turning* is sure to be copiously reviewed, not only because of its intrinsic quality, but also because its author has achieved fame by his previous works. Add to this that he has recently been elected a member of the British House of Commons, and evidently means to make his mark in a parliamentary career, and we have reasons for the popular talk that the book has created on all sides. Mr. Parker's career has been a very successful one, and he is a man who has had a wide experience of life and people. As parson, student, dramatist, journalist and novelist, he has magnified his office, and each department of life has witnessed his wonderful energy and conspicuous ability. He is a fine speaker and a brilliant raconteur; he is not only a parliamentarian, but a poet. The secrets of his success have been natural aptitude and unremitting labor, and his fellow-Canadians may confidently look forward to his being anything but a nonentity in the historic assembly at Westminster of which he is now a member.

The London "Times" says that it is to be hoped that Mr. Parker's election to the House of Commons will not really lead to the closing of his series of narratives of French-Canadian life and character, although he threatens it in his dedication. "We shall forgive him," says the reviewer, "if he breaks the promise, or, rather, if he repents of the threat. To Parkman and Parker we are equally indebted for vivid pictures of picturesque social conditions in the country where England and France long struggled for supremacy. . . . Not even in *The Seats of the Mighty* does Mr. Parker suggest such an impression of his strength."

The London "Spectator" says: "The homely life and simple manners of the habitants are of peculiar interest at a moment like the present, when the exploits of the French-Canadians are fresh in the grateful memory of the British reader, and readers of *When Valmond Came to Pontiac* need not to be told of the sympathy and skill with which Mr. Parker interprets and illustrates these engaging traits."

The New York "Times" says of the stories: "That all are well told it is needless to say."

The Toronto "Globe": "They deal with the primal passions of humanity." Montreal "Star": "The first story contains matter enough for an ordinary sized novel. . . . Such tales as *Mathurin* and *A Worker in Stone* are real gems. Mr. Parker can draw tears or excite laughter without any apparent effort on his part, and herein lies his main fascination. Everything in his sketches seems spontaneous and natural as if it could not have happened otherwise."

The critic of the Toronto "Star," on the other hand, appears to be somewhat disgruntled at Mr. Parker's success. After confessing that he "harbors again all the dislikes which were confirmed in him" on a former occasion, it is amusing to find him saying: "Parker writes about puppets with clothes of the olden time. He does not handle men and women with the breath of life in them."

The Toronto "Globe," in a second notice, remarks that "the volume will confirm Mr. Parker's place as master in this particular field of Canadian romance, as Mr. Kipling is in Anglo-Indian story."

The Winnipeg "Telegram" says: "So vividly drawn are the characters that the reader, on putting down the book, can hardly realize that he has not himself met them in the course of his own life."

It is not often that a Canadian writer leaps into prominence with a first attempt at serious literary work. As Mr. Knox Magee has accomplished in his historical novel, *With Ring of Shield* (George J. McLeod, publisher, Toronto). The book is lately the subject of a great deal of comment here in Canada, where its author—an ex-student of both Upper Canada College and Trinity University—is comparatively well known, and it also appears to have made some impression in the United States. Mr. Magee deals with a familiar page of English history—the same that inspired the Richard III. of Shakespeare. His novel is written in the

form of a memoir by one Sir Walter Bradley, who, with a friend, Sir Frederick Harleston, is represented as having passed through the stirring events that filled the brief reign of the hunchback monarch, ere the claims of the rival Roses were finally united in the person of the Duke of Richmond on Bosworth field, and England, after long disturbance and civil warfare, was introduced to a period of comparative repose. Mr. Magee's version of Richard III's reign differs in some small particulars from the general historical text, but the changes he has purposely introduced are to the end of heightening the dramatic effect of portions of the story. On the whole, his book is interesting, if not worthy the highest praise nor properly to be considered as aught beyond a rather promising first effort.

The author has attempted to reproduce the archaic language of the period, and herein, as it seems to "Saturday Night," has made his greatest mistake, for he has not sufficiently mastered the vocabulary and idiom of the time to succeed in this phase of his task. A brief comparison of the style affected in Mr. Magee's novel with that of the New Testament, or Shakespeare's plays, or Sir Walter Scott's novels, will convince the least observant reader that this is so. For example, Mr. Magee persistently uses "thou" and "you" interchangeably, sometimes with positively ludicrous effect, as on page 341, where Bradley asked Harleston, "Dost thou think thus, indeed, my friend, or do you say these words that thou mayst," etc. He has, persistently also, used "ye" and "you" interchangeably as subject and object, the correct usage of course being "ye" as subject, in addressing a number of persons, and "you" as object. Again, he constantly splits the infinitive, as, for example, "to thus answer," "to in some small way repay," although the split infinitive is a very modern form, and is still by many put outside the pale of correct English. Mr. Magee is evidently not aware that kings, at least in their official and more formal utterances, were used to speak of themselves as "we" not "I"—a point made clear on almost every page of Shakespeare's historical plays. And he does not conceive it beneath the dignity of a knight of the age of chivalry to refer again and again to ladies as "the girls." Of course, even Homer nods, and it may be said that these are trivial points when all is said and done, but if an author undertakes to reproduce the literary style of a period his readers have a right to expect that the work shall be well done, and besides, though occasional slips might be pardoned, mistakes repeated from cover to cover of a volume cannot be overlooked. There is, moreover, an absence of characteristic words and phrases of the time, such as "Marry!" "Go to!" "Pleasant," and a hundred others that might be named and that would have given a picturesqueness and an historical atmosphere which cannot be obtained by the crude device of saying "did go" for "went," "did say" for "said," "did enter" for "entered," etc.

However, Mr. Magee is young and will do better. His book, as we have said, must be taken rather as a promise than as an achievement, but that it is in great measure an achievement—one of which its author need by no means feel ashamed—there is no doubt. It gives us a stirring, romantic and often picturesque narrative. It bristles with amours, intrigues and deadly conflicts, and it is wholesome and straightforward. The public will read *With Ring of Shield* and will hope to hear from Mr. Magee again.

Artistic calendars are the order of the day, and amongst the best samples we have seen are those issued by the Grip Engraving Company. The series comprises ten interesting subjects, as follows: The Canadian Portrait Calendar, containing thirteen portraits of prominent Canadians; Stage Favorites, containing eighteen new pictures of Canada's leading actors and actresses; Canadian College Calendar containing beautiful pictures of twelve colleges and universities, with the college colors; the Club Souvenir, giving views of the various Toronto clubs; the Toronto Churches' Souvenir, and calendars devoted to views of Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton and London, respectively.

WHAT TO READ

In Its Fifteenth Thousand.

Stringtown on the Pike

By JOHN URI LLOYD.
Paper, 12c. Illustrated, Cloth, \$1.25.
The "Toronto Star," says: "Prof. Lloyd has just the quality, the lack of which I have often bewailed in these columns. He creates character. . . . The old, good-natured 'Cape' and the 'Red Heated Boy,' are so real as if they were in his own hands, so strongly are they drawn."

The Gateless Barrier.

By LUCAS MALET (Chas. Kingsley's Daughter).
Paper, 12c. Cloth, \$1.25.
The "Toronto Star" says: "This book is one of the best products of modern fiction."

A Daughter of Witches.

By JOANNA E. WOOD.
Paper, 12c. Cloth, \$1.00.
The "Montreal Star," says: "We are bound to acknowledge the powerful genius of the author."

The Girl at the Half- way House.

By E. HOUGH.
Paper, 12c. Cloth, \$1.25.
"Mr. Hough tells his story with all the graphic vigor of the accomplished writer and the astute observer."—*Montreal Herald*.

The Footsteps of a Throne.

By MAX FEMBERTON, author of "Kronstadt," etc. "Full of life, and vivid in its charming interest. It is so, perhaps, the highest mark which he has reached in his successful career as a romancer."—*Book News*.

Lord Jim.

By J. M. CONRAD.
Paper, 12c. Cloth, \$1.25.
The N. Y. TIMES, says: "Lord Jim is one of two books sufficient to make life worth living for three months at least."

At all Booksellers, or for sale by
W. J. GAGE & CO., LIMITED,
TORONTO

A LOVE STORY OF OLD MADRID

In the
**Palace
of the
King**

By Marion
Crawford
Author of "Via Crucis."

In the
**Palace
of the
King**

In the
**Palace
of the
King**

"The interest of the plot, the charm of the style, and its wealth of historic suggestion, will command the allegiance of Mr. Crawford's large public to this new novel, so appropriately emblazoned with the royal arms of Spain."—*Times Saturday Review*.

Mr. Crawford has lifted from out the forgotten yesterday many historic scenes and personages, setting them before us in brilliant colors and pulsating with life, and "In the Palace of the King," without doubt must rank alongside the best of the many novels he has already written.—*Pendleton Dudley*. In cloth, beautifully bound, \$1.25 and illustrated.

Ask your bookseller for our Christmas Catalogue, entitled "A FEAST OF GOOD THINGS" Free for the asking.

The COPP CLARK Co., Limited
PUBLISHERS TORONTO

New Books Just Ready

STUDIES OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY
In the Time of Paul. How Christianity entered into and modified life in the Roman Empire. By Rev. Edward G. Selden. 12mo, cloth, 75c.
CONTENTS: Paul and His Times; The Task Assumed by Christianity; The Political Structure of the Roman World; The Social Life of the First Century; The Religious Condition of the Age; The Moral Standards of the Period; The Intellectual Tendencies of the Time; The Inevitable Conflict and Victory.
By Robert E. Speer. Uniform with "The Man Christ Jesus." Long 16mo, cloth, 75c.
Onesimus, Christ's Freedman. A Tale of the Pauline Epistles. By Charles E. Corwin. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, 81c.
"Mr. Corwin has produced a very remarkable book. In vigor of narrative, skillful plot, sincerity, convincing realism, dramatic intensity, and human interest 'Onesimus' is easily the greatest story of the year. It brings Paul and his companions out of legend into life, and makes the apostolic age live again before the modern reader."—*Rev. C. I. Scofield, D.D.*

A WONDERFUL BOOK.
First Edition sold out a few days after publication.
China's Only Hope. An appeal by her Greatest Viceroy, Chang Chih Tung. Viceroy of Liang Ho. With introduction by the present Emperor, Kwang Shu. Translated by Rev. S. J. Woodbridge. Introduction by Rev. Griffith John, D.D. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, 75c.
A book that has made more history in a shorter time than any other modern piece of literature. More than a million copies have been circulated in China. It is aggressive and startling. The book gives a wonderful inside view of Chinese thought and purpose.
Choice Assortment of Calendars, Cards, etc. Send for our Holiday List.

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

Also at Chicago and New York 154 Yonge St., Toronto

"Not the Novel, but the Public is to be judged by its reception of ELEANOR. We are glad to have lived long enough for it, and we feel life to be better worth the living because there has come into it a book so noble.

New York Times Saturday Review.

TORONTO:
WILLIAM BRIGGS.

Each is a gem of the engraver's and printer's arts. The price is 25 cents each, with the exception of the Canadian College Calendar, which sells at 50 cents.

That great master of heart-study, Marion Crawford, does not write his novels for the select few. He does not soar above the heads of the people, but writes what he knows nine-tenths of humanity will read—a genuine love story. In the Palace of the King, just published by the Copp, Clark Co., is such an one; and the love-scenes are laid in magnificent Old Madrid.

The hero is Don John of Austria, a knightly gentleman and an ideal lover, for whom the author has creat-

ed a glorious mate, in Dolores de Mendoza. The following extract reveals a moment of temptation to these two; but later passages prove their high nobility of character unshaken:

"Where?" asked Dolores. "Take me there! Oh, take me where you are master—where there is no king but you, where we can be together all our lives, and no one can come between us!"

He stood motionless staring at the wall, contemplating in amazement the vastness of the temptation that arose before him. Dolores could not understand, but she did what a loving woman does when the man she loves seems to be in a great distress. She came and stood beside him, passing one arm through his and pressing it tenderly, without a word. There are times when a man needs only that to comfort him and give him strength. But even a woman does not always know them.

Very slowly he turned to her, almost as if he were trying to resist her eyes and could not. He took his arm from hers and his hands framed her face softly, and pushed the gold hair back on her forehead. But she grew frightened by degrees, for there was a look in his eyes she had never seen there. His hands were quite cold, and his and that had never been in them before, neither in love nor in battle, face was like a beautiful marble, but there was an evil something in it, as in a fallen angel's, a defiance of God, an irresistible strength to do harm, a terror such as no man would dare to meet.

"You are worth it," he said in a tone so different from his natural voice that Dolores started, and would have drawn back from him, but could not, for his hands held her, shaking a little fiercely.

"What? What is it?" she asked, growing more and more frightened—half believing that he was going mad. "You are worth it," he repeated. "I tell you, you are worth that, and much more, and the world, and all the world holds for me, and all earth and heaven besides. You do not know how I love you—you can never guess!"

One of the most interesting works now being offered for sale by subscription, in Canada, is entitled Great Men and Famous Women (Selmar Hess, publisher, New York). It is a series of pen and pencil sketches of the lives of more than 200 of the most prominent personages in history—soldiers and sailors, statesmen and sages, workmen and heroes, artists and authors. The work is to be complete in sixty-eight parts, of which about one-quarter have already been issued.

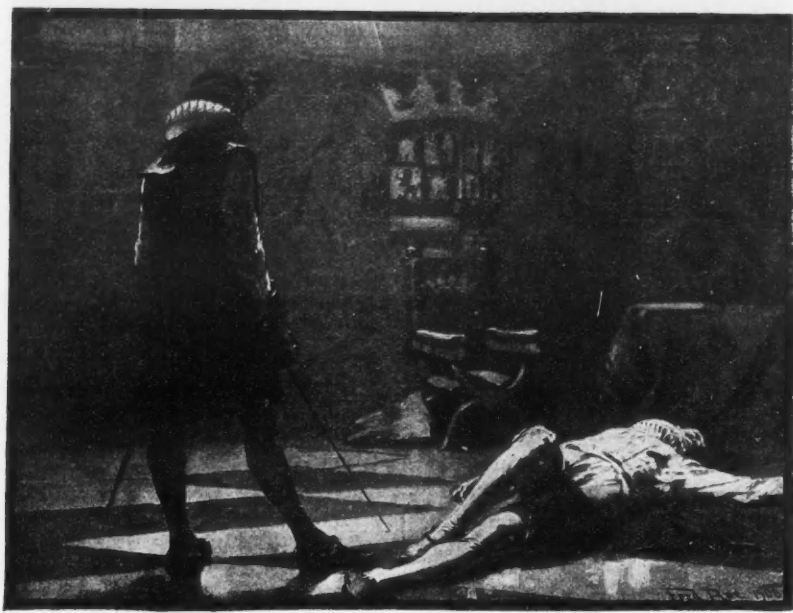
Each part, besides a number of fine half-tones and wood-cuts, contains a beautiful photograph of some well-known historical personage, place or event. The letter press is more interesting than that of the average historical work—the list of contributors being drawn from the ranks of general writers, who are accustomed to treat subjects in a pictorial style rather than in the dry matter-of-fact manner of the mere scholar.

Amongst the writers who have contributed are: Henry George, H. H. Boyeson, Louise Chandler Moulton, Justin McCarthy, John James Ingalls, Will Carleton, Ignatius Donnelly, Edward Everett Hale, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, H. Rider Haggard, Theodore Roosevelt, Edgar Fawcett, George Parsons Lathrop, Albion W. Tourgee, Margaret E. Sangster, Cardinal Gibbons, Austin Dobson, Sir Walter Besant, W. Clark Russell. Twenty-five cents is the price per part, but no subscriber's name is received for less than the entire set. There could be no nicer Christmas present for one fond of reading than Great Men and Famous Women.

An exceptionally clever book, and one that has met with immediate success (having gone into three editions within a couple of weeks after publication), is Stringtown on the Pike. It deals with the peculiar customs of a peculiar people, and is a strikingly original handling of a theme not often treated in fiction. The author shows unusual power in developing his characters. The Judge, the Colonel, the old villagers are all drawn to the life, but of all these Old Cupe, proud, kindly, dignified, dominates the story, as does his fateful spell. The story is essentially dramatic, and is marked by its freshness, vigor and fire. A number of full-page illustrations, from photographs taken by Mrs. Lloyd, form a very attractive feature of the book. The author, John Uri Lloyd, is a chemist of world-wide fame. His scientific romance, Etidorpha, ran through ten or

complex problem Mrs. Ward presents and solves with consummate ability and charm. She reveals with power the love and tenderness, the questioning, the cruelty, the hope and despair of one woman's heart. Everybody will read and discuss Eleanor.

What the Christian World says: "Highest of all, if we mistake not, in the purpose of the writer, was the setting forth of that purification and idealism of love which has been in the mind of every noble-minded woman since the feminine Platonists of the Renaissance, but which assuredly has never been more finely delineated than here. It is on this side of it that the story reaches its loftiest level, and where its teaching becomes the purest



At his feet stood Philip, his rapier in his hand, and blood on its fine point. His eyes shone yellow in the candle-light, his jaw had dropped a little, and he bent forwards, looking intently at the still white face.

ILLUSTRATION FROM "IN THE PALACE OF THE KING."

twelve editions of as many thousands each, and the indications are that Stringtown will exceed this immense sale.—W. J. Gage & Co.

The New York "Times" London cable despatch reports that The Footstep of a Throne, by Max Pemberton, is one of the most successful works of the London season, the advance sales being 10,000 copies. Mr. Pemberton's brilliant pen again turns to Russia, a field where he is thoroughly at home, and in this modern romance he sheds light on some curious phases of Russian social and political life. The incidents, suspense and happy conclusion will satisfy most readers of Mr. Pemberton's success as a literary artist.—W. J. Gage & Co.

In the flood of new novels The Girl at the Halfway House should not be overlooked. It has been fittingly styled an "Epic of the West," and no truer picture of the opening of the great West has ever been written. The author speaks with the graphic vigor of an eye-witness, and has the art of making his readers see and feel what he has seen and felt. The Chicago Record says: "His novel is unique in interest and charm. At once an attractive story and an enlightening study of one of the most picturesque phases of the development of America."—W. J. Gage & Co.

Professor Isaac Taylor Headland's charming book, Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes, printed with such rare attractiveness, has leaped into instant public popularity. The "Outlook" of November 3 has the following to say of this unusual volume:

"We have rarely seen a more charming book for children than this. Certainly it is in the fullest sense unique. Dr. Headland has spent many years in China, and has made a peculiarly full and careful study of Chinese domestic life. Here he has translated many rhymes common in the Chinese nursery, and each page presents one of these rhymes, both in the Chinese characters and in an English translation into verse, while each is accompanied by a little picture of Chinese life, directly reproduced from a photograph. It is interesting to see that such common English nursery rhymes as 'Lady-bug, Lady-bug,' and 'Pat-a-cake, Pat-a-cake,' have their Chinese prototypes. A word should be said of the exceedingly pretty and suitable form given by the publishers to the book. The paper was especially designed, the covers show quaint and amusing conceits, and in every respect the book is at the same time thoroughly Chinese and yet attractive to the eyes of American children." Fleming H. Revell Company publish the book.

The Majesty of Calmness is the suggestive title of a new little book, published by the Fleming H. Revell Company. William George Jordan is its author. Mr. Jordan was until recently editor of the "Saturday Evening Post" (Philadelphia). His former book, The Kingship of Self-Control, introduced him very favorably to a host of readers. The Boston "Gazette" says of it: "Attracts attention for striking individuality, humor, keen analysis and practical knowledge, and insight into the weakness of human nature. Helpful and hopeful, and has a bracing atmosphere and a tonic effect on all readers."

The great literary event of the year is generally conceded to be Eleanor, from the pen of Mrs. Ward, whose eminence in the field of fiction is a truism.

The scenes of Eleanor are laid in Italy and beautiful Italy. Its characters are English and American people, and the two heroines are an English woman, Eleanor, and Lucy, a New England girl. These two women are in love with one man—an Englishman, a Yankee. At the same time the women love each other devotedly. Here at once is a situation which only a master of fiction would dare attempt or could successfully carry through to a triumphant, artistic climax. But this

and most inspiring. Since Robert Elsmere a number of women writers of high rank have been launched, but it is pleasant to receive the fresh assurance which this fine work gives us that amongst them all Mrs. Ward retains the supreme place which that first notable book won her.—Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

The Stomach Rules.

Cross and Cranky Mortals Who Suffer Untold Misery.

Have Only One Hope of Relief and Health—That Hope Is in Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Which Always Cure.

"The stomach is the man—too often," says an eminent medical writer. The assertion is true. As the stomach is so is the man. If the stomach is out of order, weak or over-worked the man is cross, fretful, irritable, short-tempered, "cranky" and miserable. He is wretched himself, and he makes all who come in contact with him wretched too. The stomach can't be out of order if the man will use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Many troubles originate in the stomach, though their source is little suspected. We find headaches, giddiness, sleeplessness, palpitation of the heart, flushing of the face, cough, skin diseases and other affections are caused by dyspepsia. Each of these complaints is dangerous to life inasmuch as it will lead to worse troubles—palpitation developing into heart disease for instance if Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets be not used.

Each of these troubles, being the result of dyspepsia, disappears as soon as the dyspepsia is removed. To remove dyspepsia is very easy if you know how. And nothing is easier than to learn how. If you can remember to take one or two of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal the thing is done.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are immediate in effect, permanent in their cure. They act on and strengthen the stomach and bowels, digest the food and bring health and ease to all who use them.

So Common.

Netta was a little girl who lived in a foundling asylum, a place where homeless children without relatives are cared for. A visitor who often came to the foundling had taken a great fancy to Netta. It was the birthday of Muriel, the lady's little girl, and permission was asked for Netta to take tea with Muriel.

As it was Muriel's birthday Netta wished to be very nice to her. At the same time Netta felt she had an advantage over Muriel, for it was not every one who lived in a foundling hospital.

"You were born, Muriel?" she asked. Muriel nodded and smiled. "Up went Netta's head a little higher. 'It is so common to be born,' she said. 'I was founded!'"—Pittsburg "Bulletin."

Is the United States the Greatest Power?

"THE other day," says the "Saturday Evening Post" of Philadelphia, "Sir Robert Giffen, who as the statistician to the British Board of Trade occupies a most authoritative and responsible position, showed the greatness of this country in a way which our own mathematicians could not surpass. Of course he stood up as far as possible for his own nation. He pointed out the fact that while the United States and the United Kingdom had together only twenty millions of people one hundred years ago, they have now more than one hundred and thirty millions—without including, he remembered, the various tribes and nationalities under British or American protection. Sir Robert then proceeded to say that the United States has a larger European population than the British Empire, and that it is the most powerful state in the world so far as popu-

CANADA'S GREATEST PIANO & ORGAN HOUSE

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING

188 YONGE ST. TORONTO

"My Gerhard"

A violin who is happy in the possession of a first-class violin always refers to it affectionately as "My Strad" or "My Cremona."

In the same way a pianist generally speaks of "My Gerhard" when he owns a Gerhard Heintzman Piano. He cannot help it. The unique qualities of a Gerhard Heintzman Piano compel it. Purchase one yourself and in a few days you will find yourself speaking of "My Gerhard."

When you come to think of it, it is a wonderful tribute to the greatness of the piano. By all means buy a "Gerhard." We carry a full line of these pianos at 188 Yonge Street.

N.B.—We happen to have in stock at present three Gerhard Heintzman Pianos which have only been slightly used, and which we offer at special prices and on easy terms. If you like to secure one of these don't lose any time in writing or calling for particulars. Please refer to this advertisement, giving name and date of this paper.

See these Gerhard Heintzman Pianos at our Toronto Warerooms, 188 Yonge St.

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING

TORONTO
188 YONGE ST.

HAMILTON
66 KING ST. W.

Henry Irving No Christian.

"Either my moral state is as bad as that of a real murderer, or I am no Christian," said Sir Henry Irving at the Manchester Arts Club. This was in reply to the remark of a clergyman at a recent conference that "no Christian could play the part of a murderer without suffering moral deterioration." If the reverend gentleman is right, clearly a large number of actors pretty well deserve hanging. But then what he said cuts two ways. How about all the stage heroes who nightly suffer in the cause of virtue? Must not their moral condition be sublime? Canonisation would be simply their due. The Church, indeed, seems to have representatives adopt in making confusion worse confounded in a region already sufficiently perplexed in the old cockpit, namely, or art and ethics.

Opposed to Exercise.

No one will more sincerely regret the death of Max Muller than the German Emperor, who had a great regard for him, and corresponded with him on all kinds of subjects, says an English paper. Some amusement was caused in Oxford, a few years ago, by the Kaiser telegraphing to the Professor, on the occasion of an aquatic victory among "God's acres."

of Oxford over Cambridge, "My best congratulations to you and your gallant crew!" "Great Scott!" (or its Sanscrit equivalent), the Professor is reported to have exclaimed, "just as if I were a coach running along the bank with a trumpet!" The point of the jest is that Max Muller disliked every form of exercise as much as Mr. Chamberlain, and shared the opinion of the present Professor of Latin, that there is but one act of folly more egregious than looking on at a football match, and that is joining in it!

Cremation Becoming Popular.

"Modern Society." If example be of avail, cremation, the most hygienic method of disposing of the dead, should soon become the only recognized one. Within the last few days the remains of three well-known men have been cremated at Woking. It was only after a struggle of common sense against prejudice that cremation arrived. In 1879 the authorities stopped the erection of a crematorium at Woking, and it was not until Mr. Justice Stephen gave his decision in 1884 on the legality of this means of disposing of the dead that the crematorium was proceeded with. Little more than fifteen years have elapsed since Woking took its place among "God's acres."



THE CHARM OF HEALTH

HEALTH AND BEAUTY, health and happiness, are inseparably linked together. Life's grandest prize and beauty's greatest charm is health—robust, vigorous health. It is health that makes life worth living and gives one the ambition and energy to accomplish great things. Sad it is to think of the many who fall by the way—the nervous and physical wrecks. Overcome by mental strain, overwork or wasting disease, men and women get nervous, irritable and depressed, the duties of home or business worry them, they get weak, wrinkled or debilitated. Life has no charm, no hope when health has taken flight.

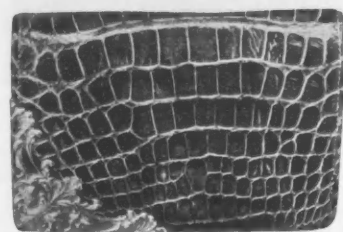
When you begin to fail is the time to take action—the time to replenish the nerve force by the use of the great nerve-building medicine DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD. It is not like any remedy you ever tried. It does not stimulate nor deaden the nerves. It simply increases the vitality of the body by creating new nerve force and forming new, red corpuscles in the blood.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Fills the nerve centres with health, vigor and strength. Gradually and certainly the headaches and neuralgic pains disappear, the irritability and sleeplessness become a thing of the past, and joyous, robust health is felt pulsating through the nerve fibres, carrying new energy to every organ.

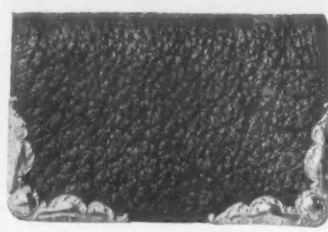
Mrs. D. W. Cronsberry, 168 Richmond street west, Toronto, Ont., states:—"My daughter, who sews in a white goods manufactory, got completely run down by the steady confinement and close attention required at her work. Her nerves were so exhausted, and she was so weak and debilitated, that she had to give up work entirely, and was almost a victim of nervous prostration. 'Hearing of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, she began to use it, and was benefited from the very first. It proved an excellent remedy in restoring her to health and strength. After having used four boxes she is now at work again, healthy and happy, and attributes her recovery to the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD is in condensed pill form and is sold at 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or from EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.



Real Alligator Combination Purse
Style No. 606, in Grey, Blue, Dark Green, Helle-trope, Tan, all the Fashionable Colors, wide or narrow pattern, Calf Lined. **PRICE—\$4.50.**

STERLING
CORNERS
and
FRONTS
IN RICH
DESIGNS
PRICES
50c. to \$5



Real Seal
In Black, Chocolate, Green, Cedar, Brown
No. 615, CALF LINED, DEEP FRAME. **\$4.00**

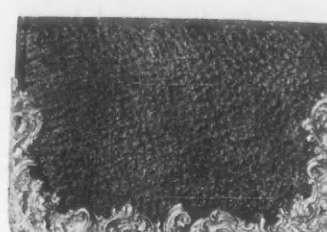
Initials
in
Brass
or
Sterling
Silver

ARE THE
NEWEST
MOUNTS



Ladies' Finger Purses
In Walrus Leather, No. 687.
Black, Grey, Tan—**PRICE, \$1.75, \$2.00**
Real Seal, No. 682, Black, Grey,
Tan, Brown, Chocolate—**PRICE, \$1.50, \$1.75**
Real Alligator, No. 680—**PRICE, \$3.00**

BRASS
INITIALS
25c. and 50c.
STERLING
INITIALS
50c. and \$1
MONOGRAMS
\$1 and \$2



Real Seal

In Chocolate, Grey, Green, Black, Tan, Brown,
Cement, Cedar. Wide or Narrow designs.

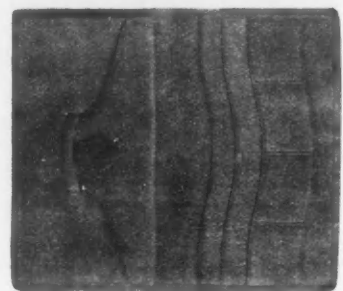
No. 618, CALF LINED — **PRICE, \$2.00**
No. 677, SEAL LINED — **PRICE, \$3.50**

The Gift of a
Purse is
always ac-
ceptable to a
lady and is
in perfect
taste



Sea Lion

The Richest effect in Leather for this
year is Sea Lion. Very effective in Grey,
Tan, Black. Beautifully finished.
NARROW, \$5.00 WIDE, \$6.00



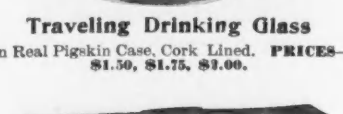
Men's Bill Books

Real Seal, Morocco
Prices—\$1, \$1.25, \$2, \$3, \$4



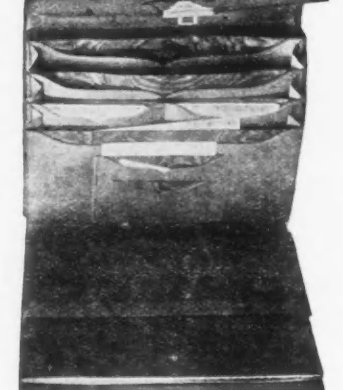
Men's Card Cases

In Real Morocco, Seal
Prices \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2



Men's Bill Folds

Soft and Pliable for the Pocket
Prices—50c., 75c., \$1, \$1.50



**Collapsible
Drinking Cups**

Prices—50c., 60c.



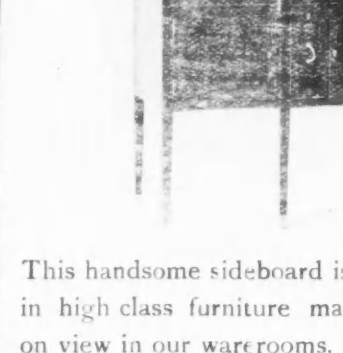
Flasks

Bayonet Tops, Morocco Cover
Prices—\$3, \$3.50, \$4, \$5, \$6, \$7

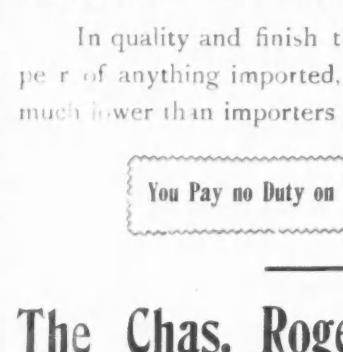


Screw Tops, Morocco Covered

Prices—\$1.00, \$1.50,
\$1.75, \$2, \$2.50, \$3
Sizes—1 pint to 1 1/2 pints



Traveling Drinking Glass
In Real Pigskin Case, Cork Lined. **PRICES—\$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00.**



Writing Folio
Style No. 703, Real Morocco. **PRICE—\$9.00.**

TOILET ROLLS

No gift that you can
choose will give more
real satisfaction than a
Writing Folio. It is
something that is
really per-
sonal.

The prices
are:

\$2.25, \$3,
\$5, \$7, \$9,
\$10, \$11, \$12,
\$13.

THE Julian Sale

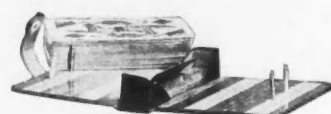
Leather Goods Co., Limited

105 KING STREET WEST

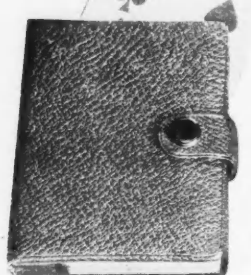
Our
Illustrated
64-page
Catalogue

No. 6 S

Showing numerous
suggestions for gifts
mailed free on re-
quest.



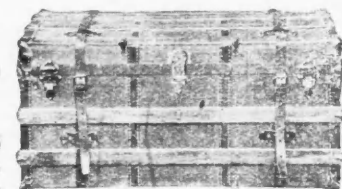
Traveling Cribbage Set
In compact form, showing Boards, Pins and
Gilt-Edged Cards.



Traveling Cribbage Set
Showing how compact the case is
when closed.

Made in Real
Alligator, Seal,
Morocco.
Prices, \$2,
\$2.25, \$2.50

**Playing
Card Cases**
In the fine leath-
ers. Prices, \$1,
\$1.25, \$1.50,
\$1.75, \$2.



Dress Trunk

Style No. 864.
PRICE, 36 in. — \$14.00

IN
Traveling
Bags

our display is very com-
plete. We have the very
newest ideas and designs.

**Horn Back Alligator
Traveling Bag**
Style No. 929.
RIVETTED FRAME, 14 in.—\$13.00. 16 in.—\$14.00
SEWED FRAME — 14 in.—\$15.00. 16 in.—\$16.00
One of the handsomest gifts one can choose.



**Horn Back Alligator
Traveling Bag**
Style No. 929.
RIVETTED FRAME, 14 in.—\$13.00. 16 in.—\$14.00
SEWED FRAME — 14 in.—\$15.00. 16 in.—\$16.00
One of the handsomest gifts one can choose.

Club Bags
Suit Cases
Cabin Bags
Shopping Bags

**Fitted
Dressing Bags**

For Ladies or Gentlemen

VICTORIA BAG
CLUB BAG
SUIT CASE

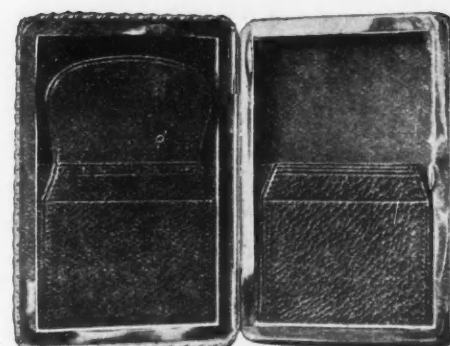
Our facilities for the making
of these bags are unequal-
led, so that our display is
the finest in Canada.
Prices—\$13 to \$65



Fitted Traveling Bag
No. 960.
Morocco Leather. NICKLE TRIMMINGS — \$17.00
STERLING TRIMMINGS — \$25.00

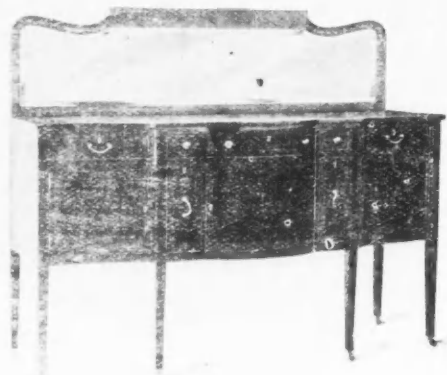
**Cigar and
Cigarette
Cases**

Prices, 75c.,
\$1, \$1.50, \$2,
\$2.50, \$3,
\$3.50, \$4,
\$5, \$6.



REAL MOROCCO REAL SEAL REAL ALLIGATOR

ROGERS' FINE FURNITURE



This handsome sideboard is one of many choice designs
in high class furniture made at our factory, and now
on view in our warerooms.

In quality and finish these pieces are at least the
peer of anything imported, while our prices are very
much lower than importers can afford to quote

You Pay no Duty on Rogers' Fine Furniture

The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co.

LIMITED

97 YONGE STREET

Social and Personal.

I have been pleased to note that
purchasers have not been wanting at
Mr. Edmond Morris's picture exhibi-
tion this week. Several very good
pictures have gone into artistic homes
and were good company. The exhibi-
tion closed yesterday.

Miss May Mewburn is visiting Miss
Gillespie, Avenue Road. Colonel and
Mrs. Turner, of Ottawa, have been
visiting Toronto. On recent even-
ings two smart dinners were given
one by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty,
at The Oaks, Queen's Park, and the
other by Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Cou-
son.

Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald gives an

At Home at her residence, 106 Mad-
ison avenue, next Saturday from 5 to
7 o'clock.

Mrs. Pradeaux, wife of Captain P.
E. Pradeaux, 2nd West Indian Regi-
ment, now in Ashantee and her sister,
Miss Rothwell, of Detroit, are visit-
ing their cousins, Colonel and Mrs.
Graves, 185 Crescent Road, Rosedale.

Lieut. Ross Hayter, of the 22nd
Cheshire, an ex-cadet of the Royal
Military College, Kingston, has been
appointed staff officer to Sir Charles
Tucker, at Pretoria. Lieut. Hayter is
a Torontonian.

One Thing in Addition.

She—To live with you, dear George.

on a desert island—to be always near
you—that would be my great joy
henceforth.

He—You dear girl! And that is real-
ly all you ask for?
She—Yes. If there is one other thing
I should like when we're married it is
that you will take a box at the opera
for the season. Will you, George, dear?
—“Pick-Me-Up.”

The Great Auction Sale of English Water Colors.

Mr. Charles M. Henderson will sell
by auction at Roberts' Art Gallery, No.
51 King street west, the most valuable
collection of water-colors ever sub-
mitted to public competition in Can-
ada, by the following celebrated Eng-
lish artists: Edwin Hayes, Ernest Pur-
ton, Charles Dixon, Tom Rowden, F.
H. Fox, Poisson, Olive Rhyes, S. H.
Perry, H. Tait and others. The sale
takes place on Saturday afternoon, the
8th inst., at 2.30. Catalogues can be
had on application at the gallery. The
entire collection will be on view day
previous to sale.

After the Banquet.



“Seems to me I have seen that face
somewhere before.”

The Comparative Degree.

“So your brother's back from Ameri-
ca, Miss Villars. How he has grown.
When I saw him last he was quite a
lad.” “Yes, and now he is quite a
ladder, isn't he?”—“Pick-Me-Up.”

Wrong Kind.

Katharine—I detect that Mr. Tiffing-
ton, Margaret—Why, Katharine? “Oh,
he's the kind of man who always calls
when you are expecting somebody else
who doesn't come.”—N. Y. “Life.”

FREE BOOK

You don't have to use your imagination much with our Illustrated Booklet on Steam and Hot Water
Heating, because the pictures tell the story, and truthfully, too—they are from photographs of the
Safford Radiators themselves.

THE SAFFORD RADIATORS FOR STEAM OR HOT WATER HEATING

are the original invention in screw nipple threaded connections, which does away entirely with joints
and rods, bolts and packing, hence absolutely preventing leaks. “Pictures tell the story best,” and the
facts prove every statement true. Send for the pictures and the facts—send for the Booklet. Send to
the Largest Radiator Manufacturers under the British flag for it—it's free.

THE DOMINION RADIATOR CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.



PICTURES
TELL BEST

FREE BOOK

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.
McCollum—Nov. 29, Mrs. (Dr.) McCollum, a son.
Tipton—Nov. 27, Mrs. R. Tipton, a daughter.
Woodland—Nov. 23, Mrs. Frederick Woodland, a son.

Marriages.
Bydwell—Burton—Nov. 28, Humphrey E. Bydwell to Elizabeth Pitt Burton.
Goodall—Moore—Nov. 21, A. D. Goodall to Maude Moore.

Deaths.
Donahoe—Nov. 24, Mathew Donahoe, Jr., aged 22 years.
Gracey—Nov. 26, Col. H. M. Gracey, Ginty—Nov. 24, Francis Ginty.
Van Horn—Nov. 26, Robert Van Horn, aged 66 years.
Durand—Nov. 26, Mrs. Caroline E. Durand.
Sheppard—Nov. 25, Chas. Sheppard, aged 82 years.
Gillespie—Nov. 26, John Gillespie, aged 12 years.
Struthers—Nov. 27, Mrs. R. C. Struthers, aged 85 years.
Barton—Nov. 27, Wm. J. Barton, aged 63 years.

J. YOUNG

(ALEX. MILLARD)
The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer
369 YONGE ST. TELEPHONE 679

IF YOU ONLY KNEW

What a lot of trouble and vexation
you could save yourself in every detail
of kitchen work by buying an

IMPERIAL OXFORD RANGE

You would waste no time in making
the purchase.

They are quicker to regulate—have the most perfect, evenly-heated
ovens—and require less fuel than any old style ranges. These are the
points that account for their splendid popularity.
You're hardly fair to your own interests if you don't call at our nearest
agents and examine their improved features.
Sold by leading dealers everywhere



GURNEY OXFORD STOVE AND FURNACE CO., 231 Yonge Street
OXFORD STOVE STORE, 569 Queen Street West

The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.